

CN CALLING

Let the counsel of thine own heart stand, for there is no man more faithful unto thee than it. For a man's mind is sometime wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower. From the Apocrypha

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**END THE
HORROR
OF THE ROADS**

See page 7

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Thursday 2d

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POLAND DIED AND ROSE AGAIN

See
Middle
Pages

Shadows Fall

WHEN midnight falls it is no longer possible to deceive ourselves and say it is not dark.

Midnight is drawing near in Europe and soon it must be clear that either the darkness will grow blacker still and plunge mankind into unimaginable grief and suffering, or some streak of light will pierce the clouds and they will break into a peaceful dawn.

The Dictators are rattling the sabres and marshalling their forces; the Democracies are preparing for whatever cynical stroke may come next. Behind all the familiar moves of the great bullies of small nations, behind the destruction of Czechoslovakia and Albania, behind the ruthless desecration of Good Friday in the very capital of Christendom, is the sinister determination of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini to march through Eastern Europe with their Juggernauts. The new

shamelessness is upon us. It is murder unmasked, and the victim is to be Liberty everywhere.

It is not to be denied—and yet it is true that this horrible plot cannot succeed. The words of President Roosevelt alone will convince all reasonable men that the end is as certain as the rising of the Sun. He would make it plain to the Dictators, he said, that

A war forced by them would from the outset involve the destinies of a nation which is far stronger than Germany and Italy united.

America, the British Empire, and France, Poland, Turkey, Greece, Rumania, and the vast, unknown, and illimitable forces of Russia—they are a formidable host against whoever may assail the fortress of Liberty. *Woe to the Conquered*, says the Wolf to the Lamb; *Woe to the Conqueror* is the writing the Dictators must see on the wall through the shadows that gather round us all.

NEW ZEALAND COMES INTO THE EMPIRE

NEARLY a hundred years ago, on May 4, 1839, the little barque Tory of 384 tons moved down the Thames from the heart of London to begin a voyage that was to be a notable event in the chain of happenings that made New Zealand for all time part of the British Empire.

On board the Tory was Colonel William Wakefield, a younger brother of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, whose writings and speeches during the first few years of the Victorian Era did so much to interest the British people in New Zealand.

The Tory finally left England on May 12, 1839, when she was despatched from Plymouth on a secret mission to New Zealand. Colonel Wakefield was instructed to buy land from the Maoris on behalf of the New Zealand Land Company, which was planning to send out shiploads of settlers.

In September the Tory anchored in the spacious harbour on which now stands Wellington, the seaport capital of New Zealand, which today has a population of 200,000 and is rapidly growing. The only inhabitants a hundred years ago were a few Maoris.

Colonel Wakefield met the Maori chiefs, and they agreed to sell the harbour and the land joining it, not for gold or silver but for the manufactured trade goods which the Stone Age Maoris valued more. The pur-

chase price for Wellington was 135 muskets, 21 kegs of gunpowder, one cask of ball cartridges, a gross of jews-harps, 1200 fishing hooks, pipes, nightcaps, and 12 sticks of sealing-wax.

On September 30, 1839, Colonel Wakefield hoisted the Union Jack at a flagstaff on the shore of Wellington Harbour. The Tory saluted the flag with 21 guns, to the great delight of the Maoris, who had never seen so much smoke nor heard so much noise.

With Colonel Wakefield on the Tory was his nephew Edward, who was later to write a lively history of the early colony, and another companion was Dr Ernest Dieffenbach, a German exile, who acted as naturalist, and gave the world an excellent scientific treatise of the country.

The captain (Edmund Chaffers) had visited New Zealand in 1835 as sailing master of H.M.S. Beagle, the famous ship on which Darwin voyaged round the world; his name was given to Chaffers Passage, the opening between reefs at the entrance to Wellington's land-locked harbour.

Following close on the Tory came the first emigrant ships, which landed their colonists on the shores of Wellington Harbour in 1840. It was Colonel Wakefield's business to allot them the land he had bought from the Maoris, and a very difficult task it was, as we can well imagine.



LIFE IN CHINA

Although the Japanese have penetrated far into China there are still vast areas where the peasants live their normal lives

The Bagdad Bus

TWICE a week a long shiny bus leaves the pleasant little Mediterranean port of Beirut in Syria for what must be one of the most thrilling trips a tourist could take.

First climbing 2000 feet through mountain passes to Damascus, where the passenger stretches his legs in the street called Straight, the steel monster then crosses the dreaded Syrian Desert to Bagdad.

These air-conditioned sleeper buses are over 60 feet long and have from 10 to 18 wheels. They have room for 30 passengers, three tons of baggage, and nearly 300 gallons of petrol, and cover the 600 miles between Beirut and Bagdad in 20 hours. Desert air is not always hot, as many people think. After sunset it turns bitterly cold, and then the buses are heated by the same equipment that is used for conditioning the air when it is hot and dusty. The voyage is extremely comfortable, for the coaches are padded with kapok

so that jolts are lessened when rocky passages are struck.

Between Damascus and Bagdad the buses stop at Rutbah Wells, which a few years ago consisted of a few huts huddled round a palm tree or two and, of course, the wells. Today it is a thriving junction for the air-mail and bus routes, and has a population of a thousand.

Each bus carries two drivers, the one who is not driving having a special compartment where he can rest. These men are wonderful drivers, for, though there seems to be no road, they never lose their sense of direction. It must be a great adventure to lean back in a comfortable chair and see nothing but miles of sands flashing by.

But it is not only droves of tourists that these specially-cooled buses are bringing to the Arabian Nights city. They are bringing some things which the British residents consider much more important: cargoes of frozen Scotch salmon and fresh river trout.

A JUDGE ON DANGEROUS TOYS

The Liability of Those Who Sell Them

Mr Justice Atkinson has given judgment for £1000 damages against a toy dealer who sold a boy of 12 a so-called safety-pistol with blank cartridges.

The boy who bought the pistol was playing with it the next day when it backfired and a piece of metal entered the eye of a smaller boy, blinding him.

The case is of remarkable interest, not only because toy pistols are a source of grave danger to children, but because the judge made it quite clear that there is a liability on the part of those who sell dangerous things:

If a seller placed in the hands of a buyer a chattel belonging to a class of things dangerous in itself to such a person as the buyer might be, a duty of care rested on the seller not only to the actual recipient but to all persons who might reasonably be contemplated to be likely to be placed in danger.

It would seem to us that the celluloid doll sold to an innocent child comes within the range of dangerous things sold to those likely to be endangered, and it is to be hoped that one of our MPs will consider it worth while to raise the matter in the House of Commons.

The Young Kings of Iraq

The two tragedies that have stirred the people of Iraq have won for them the deep sympathy of many friends.

The first was the death from a motor accident of the young King Ghazi; the second was the murder of the British Consul at Mosul by wild fanatics who believed that the British Government was responsible for their ruler's death.

King Ghazi was the Peter Pan of rulers; he never grew up to be a man. He was always the enthusiastic youth delighting to see wheels go round. The speed machine, whether motor-car or aeroplane, was his chief interest in life, and it has now led to his death. He was at Harrow for three years, and learned to speak English with fluency and to appreciate our engineering attainments. One of his last acts was to open the great barrage which an English firm has erected for the irrigation of a vast area of his country.

He is succeeded by a little boy of three, King Feisal the Second, but his uncle, Emir Abdul Ilah, will act as Regent until he is 16. Iraq has been unfortunate in the early deaths of her kings since we set her free from our Mandate, but she has statesmen who are likely to rule wisely in these troubled days in the Middle East.

Fewer Out of Work

The coming of Spring, combined with the flood of Government orders for defence work of a thousand different sorts, has greatly improved the labour market. In March the number of unemployed was down to 1,727,000. Still, it is surprising, in view of defence work, that the number is only 22,000 fewer than in March 1938.

Employment improved in almost every trade, and was especially marked in building, public works, agriculture and horticulture, coal mining, the iron and steel industry, tinplate and metal goods manufacture, engineering, and the textile industries.

The number of people actually in work rose in March to 12,400,000.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

The Boy Who Would Not Give In

One of the most remarkable conquests of mind over matter involves a 16-year-old boy living in Pretoria. He is Rheinalt Hofmeyr, considered to be among the six best schoolboy batsmen in the Transvaal.

In a motor accident several years ago the youngster had to have his limb amputated above the knee, and it seemed as though all his dreams of making a name for himself as a batsman or a bowler were ruined.

Young Hofmeyr did not think so, however. He soon set to work on the pitch, and every afternoon would find him practising. Today he is wicket-keeper and opening bat for his school's First Eleven. He has been in the side for the last three seasons, and uses a runner when he is batting. During the 1938 cricket season he ended with an average of 44.5, second best of all the school's bats.

Bob Catteral, the South African cricketer, some time ago expressed the belief that Hofmeyr would one day become a Springbok. He has a wide variety of strokes, hits the ball hard, and has an excellent eye. This season he is expected to top the averages.

Two of his elder brothers are Rhodes Scholars, and one of them won a cricket blue at Oxford.

Andrew Young and His Wireless Sets

Once the most isolated spot in the world, Pitcairn Island, a speck in the vast Pacific Ocean, receives its daily digest of world news by wireless.

Ships from England to New Zealand usually stop for an hour or so a mile off Pitcairn to enable the passengers to trade with the islanders, who come out in their whale-boats. Some of the ships homeward bound from New Zealand also call at Pitcairn.

About 20 years ago, when few people understood much about wireless even in the big countries of the world, a youth on Pitcairn named Andrew Young took an interest in experimenting with the new power that would free the islanders from isolation. He obtained an old crystal set and was able to receive messages from ships.

Last year Pitcairn was presented with a good receiving and transmitting set, and now Andrew Young receives news from almost any part of the world, and is able to send messages from the Empire's most distant island to many big countries.

Footprints

It is over 1800 years since a child played in Leicester and left its footprint on the sands of time.

Unthinkingly he trod on a brick before it was baked, and the footprint has been brought to light in recent days by Miss Kenyon, who is excavating in the neighbourhood of the Jewry wall. Made in a moment and forgotten immediately afterwards, this footprint, nearly as old as our history, is as romantic a discovery as the footprint Robinson Crusoe found on his island. The Editor has a similar footprint on his Kent hilltop, and the print of the paw of a little Roman dog.

Half a Snake

A Queensland farmer was bitten by half a snake the other day.

He was ploughing in a field, and it happened that a disc from the plough cut a big snake in two. The head part of the snake leapt into the air and the teeth fastened on the farmer's foot.

He wasted no time in getting to hospital for first aid, where the wound quickly healed; but it will be a long time before he recovers from the surprise of being bitten by half a snake!

A NEW PLAN TO SAVE AN OLD FOREST

Auckland's National Park

Citizens of Auckland, the biggest city in New Zealand, are planning to raise £30,000 by public subscription to buy and preserve 20,000 acres of bush country only a few miles from the city. It will be known as the Waitakere National Centennial Park.

Half this great area of hill country is in standing native bush. The pity of it all is that the people of the country ever allowed such a piece of forest to come into the hands of private individuals. Now the citizens have to buy the land back again.

Once the native bush is destroyed by the axe and fire of timber-millers and settlers it can never be replaced. The bush-clad hills rising to the west of Auckland City contain noble kauri pine trees which take a thousand years to grow. The kauri is the monarch of the country's timber trees. It grows only to the size of a sapling in a man's lifetime.

One pleasing incident has been the offer of the Automobile Association of Auckland to give £500 towards the plan to save the forest. Motorists want to be able to camp in proper camping sites in the new park, which is to be created to mark the rooth anniversary of British colonisation in New Zealand.

London's Green Belt As the Airman Sees It

It was a happy idea of the LCC to welcome the Easter holidays with an exhibition of photographs at Charing Cross Underground Station illustrating London's Green Belt.

The photographs are of two kinds: a series taken from the air on which recent acquisitions are ringed in green, and a more numerous group of the beauties of these properties as the walker sees them. Downland, woodland, quiet lanes, and sedge-lined streams and lakes all contribute to the memories of the fortunate few and the anticipations of the many, for to see these pictures is to long to visit the beautiful scenery they portray.

In the middle of the hall is a relief model of Greater London, coloured to show the areas that are built over and the areas that will preserve their natural form and colour for all time.

There is, too, a fantasy in full colour by Mr Norman Weaver, in which he has brought a joyous humour into the natural scenery which the County Councils round London (there are seven of them) are making available for every Londoner. The seven are now in keen competition as to which can reserve the biggest area, and the LCC from the centre is helping them all impartially.

Joseph Lyons of Australia

The Prime Minister who died at his post after seven strenuous years spent in guiding that great Dominion back to prosperity will long be remembered in Australia. Mr Joseph Lyons was only 59 when he passed on the other day, but he had won the admiration not only of his fellow-countrymen, but also of the Empire.

The son of poor Irish emigrants in Tasmania, Joseph Lyons became a teacher, joined the Labour Party and entered the Tasmanian Parliament, in which he rose to be Premier. When Labour won its sweeping victory in the Dominion ten years ago Lyons was given a high position in the Federal Government; but when he realised that its financial policy would lead to an even more desperate situation than the world depression had caused he formed a new Party, persuaded the Australian people to adopt his scheme for paying their way, and became Prime Minister.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Beginning next month, the LMS will have 66 express trains making daily start-to-stop runs at 60 m.p.h. or more.

About 18 million calls a year are put through to TIM, the automatic time-telling apparatus on the telephone.

An interesting experiment, the first of its kind in the world, is being tried in the Supreme Court in Wellington, New Zealand, where microphones are installed to record evidence by a dictaphone.

Ferdinand the Bull is almost as popular as Mickey Mouse; he has made £100,000 for his creator, Munro Leaf, who used to work in a garage.

A Cyclist's Good Fellowship Week is to be held from June 4 to June 10, when conducted cycle rides will be run from every town and district in England and Wales.

For 90 minutes each morning and an hour in the afternoon the 500 employees of Messrs Mandleberg, of Pendleton, Lancashire, now have music from loud-speakers in their workrooms.

The Transport Board claims that only one-third of the passengers using buses put their tickets in the boxes.

A new regulation in Buenos Aires prohibits cyclists from travelling at more than ten miles an hour.

THINGS SEEN

A swan, flying high, suddenly descending and attacking a man near Birmingham.

Two thousand seabirds dead or dying on the Kent coast during last winter.

A lady carrying an umbrella carried by her grandmother in 1819.

The Children's Beach at the Tower filled with happy children again.

THINGS SAID

A more generous spirit of letting others live as well as ourselves must be the means of bringing increased happiness and prosperity to all men.

Crown Prince of Sweden

I am no more a man of war today than I was in September. Mr Chamberlain

If Foch had been with us today he would not have spent his time declaring what had been lost; he would have said, "Do not yield another yard."

General Weygand

War wins nothing, cures nothing, ends nothing. The Prime Minister

Why do not all the Germans who are so downtrodden in every foreign country go back to the freedom of the Fatherland?

Mr F. M. Sykes

There is no sound engineering reason why even 500-ton aeroplanes are not possible. Mr Igor Sikorsky

Twelve men today could plunge the world into war without consulting a single citizen. Senator Borah, USA

I remain, in spite of everything that has happened, an optimist. M Benes

Roughly there are about one birth and one death every minute in this country. Mr A. M. Carr-Saunders

A democracy cannot exist without a free press, any more than a free press can exist in a dictatorship country.

Mayor of New York

THE BROADCASTER

IPSWICH Girl Guides have collected nearly 24,000 eggs for their hospital.

Up to the end of last month our lifeboats this year have saved 55 lives.

A HUNDRED teachers from Thanet have volunteered to teach English at the refugee camp at Richborough.

THE income of the four railway companies has risen by £128,000 in three months.

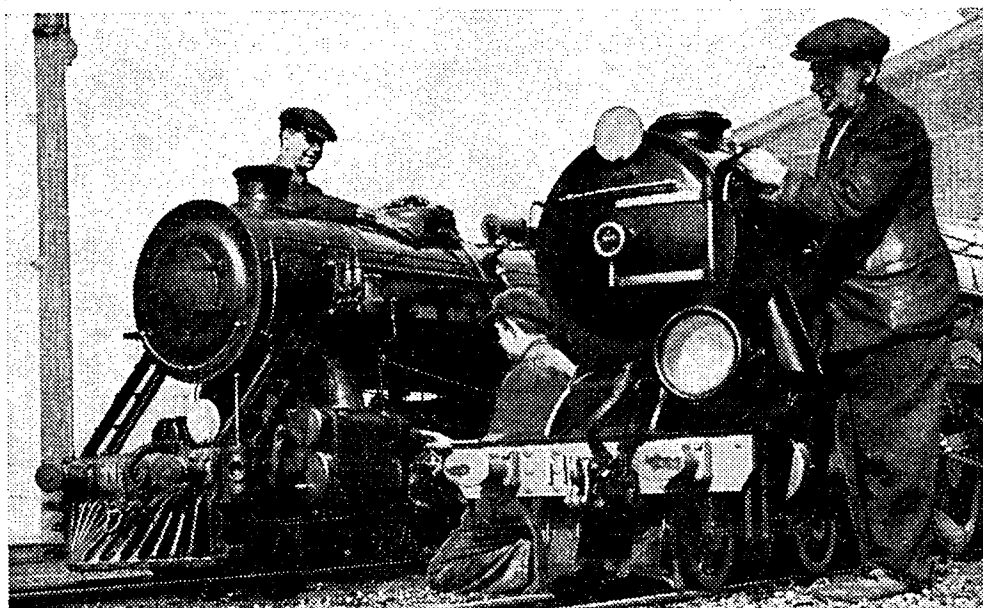
Tiny Cooks • Ploughing in Devon • Boats For Hire



Spring Ploughing—A fine study of a plough team at work in a field near Teignmouth in Devon



Tiny Cooks—Happy young pupils in the miniature kitchen at the Middle Park Infants School, Eltham



Little Railway—Preparing the engines for service on the popular light railway which runs across Romney Marsh in Kent



Boats For Hire—On a day of sunshine at the week-end most of these boats at Battersea Park would be filled with happy rowers

BELGIUM SAFE AND SOUND

The Will of the People

However the European Crisis develops the position of Belgium is of very great moment, and its friends in the democratic nations have been delighted with the result of the election just before Easter.

The Belgian people have justified the trust their young King placed in their common-sense. They have elected representatives who should ensure a sound Government which will get things done.

As a form of Proportional Representation has been at work in Belgium since the beginning of this century, we cannot expect the overwhelming party triumphs which sometimes occur in our own country; yet the defeat of the Fascists, the Rexist followers of M. Degrelle, was very severe, their poll being only 103,636, showing a loss of nearly 168,000 votes. On the other hand the Liberals and Catholics gained ten seats each in the Chamber, while the Socialists and Communists lost many votes. The Catholics form the biggest party in the Chamber and the Senate, and there is hope that they may form the nucleus of a really national Government.

An interesting feature of the election was the freedom with which German propaganda was permitted in the Cantons of Eupen, St Vith, and Malmédy, which were ceded by Germany under the Versailles Treaty. In spite of all the liberty allowed, the pro-Belgian candidates secured a majority of the votes, and all the seats.

Dr Martens, whose election to the Flemish Academy of Medicine was one of the chief causes of the crisis, resigned his post on the day of the election, so that all seems to be well again in this patriotic little country.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE OTTER

A Pack Packs Up

Good news comes from Lakeland; the West Cumberland Otter Hounds are to be dispersed.

For 139 years this pack has hunted one of England's most wonderful creatures, but at the last annual meeting it was decided to break up the pack as no one in the neighbourhood seemed to have any interest in the sport.

There may be some old-fashioned people who regret this, but all who have the well-being of birds and animals at heart will be glad that the otter pack is to pack up. We hope it is a sign of the times, and that soon the foxhounds will be packing up too.

The Bishop and the 99 Steps

Ellen Wamsley lives in Guernsey. She is 21 and is unlikely ever to leave her bed again, as she suffers from paralysis.

But she wished to be confirmed, and the other day the Bishop of Winchester climbed 99 steps to Ellen's bedroom, where he conducted a confirmation service for this brave and happy girl. Very thankful was Ellen, and very proud that the bishop should visit her and give her a prayer book with his name in.

Abyssinia By Telephone

Abyssinia will soon have the telephone, and in 1941 it will be possible to ring up a friend in that unhappy and little-known land. Addis Ababa is to have two central telephone exchanges, requiring nearly 2000 miles of cable. They will be known as Littoria and Imperia.

MEN OF OUR TIME & ALL TIME

Newcomers at the National Portrait Gallery

SOME friends of our youth and more friends of our schooldays have entered on their second spring at the National Portrait Gallery.

The friends of our youth, though not all of them would remember us as well as we do them, include two Prime Ministers, two Chancellors of the Exchequer, and a Home Secretary. The Prime Ministers are Ramsay MacDonald, vividly portrayed by Sir John Lavery, who gives the painting, and Earl Balfour, who sat for his portrait to Sir Alma Tadema. He seems therefore to belong to an earlier day, but he lived to become one of our Elder Statesmen, and was thinker as well as politician.

Ramsay MacDonald

No greater contrast could be than his successor Ramsay MacDonald, a solitary man who in words he once used was his own best friend, and who, whatever some of his former and lesser friends may have said of him, when he was not here to reply to them, was the man who put the Labour Party into power.

Before either of these attained the eminence which afterwards was theirs came others whom the House of Commons knew well—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was nicknamed Black Michael; Sir Stafford Northcote, another Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was one of those Lord Randolph Churchill classed as a row of extinct volcanoes. As a matter of fact it is Lord Randolph Churchill himself who has become an extinct volcano.

Here, together with Archbishop Davidson, a prelate as modest as he was saintly, are the first Viscount Knutsford, father of the more famous Sidney Holland, prince of beggars, and Francis Thompson, the poet who wrote *The Hound of Heaven*, and Rudyard Kipling, who is represented by a bronze head and shoulders. He stands head and shoulders above some of the others.

Farther back in our island Pantheon are Florence Nightingale, a drawing of her made at Scutari, where she won her

name of the Lady with the Lamp; Lord Kelvin (only a genial caricature), and the Duke of Rutland, better known as the Lord John Manners, who wrote

*Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die,
But leave us still our old Nobility.*

Then this gathering of worthies among the National Portraits leaves the 19th century for the 18th to summon Robert Adam, the chief of the Adam brothers, who built the old Adelphi, and left their mark in the fine buildings of many a London square; Thomas Tyrwhitt, who would be forgotten if he had not exposed the forgeries of the unhappy Chatterton, though he did a better thing in producing the best edition of Chaucer; James Granger, who is still commemorated in the word Grangerising, which means adding extra portraits and illustrations to notable books; Turner the painter, who painted his own monument in his works at the National Gallery next door; and Admiral Rous, who reformed the Turf when it stood much in need of it. He was born in the 18th century, but he found racing and betting at their worst in the Victorian Era.

Men in English History

The century before this supplies the best painters, Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller, who give us portraits of men whose name in English history is secure. There is Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford, statesman and soldier, who was thrown to the wolves by his master, Charles Stuart; Dr Compton, Bishop of London, who was one of the seven Bishops whose firmness helped to unseat James the Second from his throne; and James Vernon, Secretary to the Duke of Monmouth whom James executed. Most famous of all this group is George Savile, Marquess of Halifax, whom they called the Trimmer because he forsook his allegiance to James to call in William and Mary. But no man deserved better of his country. It is rather remarkable that the painter of his portrait is unknown.

The Tulip Town and the Iris Town

TWO places in America (Nashville in Tennessee and Holland in Michigan) are famous for their flowers.

It is seven years since the citizens of Nashville had the lovely idea of planting the iris all over the city. The local Iris Association began its good work by begging cuttings from everyone with a garden, and in a fortnight 37 lorry loads had been given away. Since then volunteer workers have distributed over 15,000,000 bulbs.

No one who visits Nashville forgets the beauty of the iris. One park has 20 acres of them, and the aerodrome boasts the biggest single planting of the flower in the world, a strip 15 feet wide running for a mile. Next month the annual Iris Festival is to be held, when flower lovers will come from all parts of

the country to admire the exquisite blooms in Nashville.

Four million tulips are the magnet that attracts half a million people a year to Holland in Michigan for the Tulip Festival, also held next month. It is appropriate that the tulip should be the town flower, for this is a Dutch-American community.

The signal for the opening of nine days of festivities is when the women of Holland dress up in their traditional Dutch costume and scrub the streets. Their work is inspected by the Burge-meester, resplendent in velvet jacket and knee-breeches and attended by 12 aldermen in tall black hats; and then begin a series of pageants showing the part the Dutch immigrants played in the development of western Michigan.

A Mountain Range to Let

WHO would like to lease a whole range of mountains for £2 a week?

In the back country of New Zealand sheep and cattle are grazed over huge areas of mountain and valley. Such country can best be farmed in large blocks or "runs."

Thus it comes about that the Lands Department of the New Zealand Government has been advertising the Rainbow block of the vast Molesworth Estate at an annual rental of £110. Not a big rental for a block of 76,200 acres!

The Molesworth Estate is situated high up in the mountain valleys of the

South Island of New Zealand. Thirty years ago, when sheep-farming in the mountain country was rather more profitable than now, this estate consisted of nearly half a million acres of mountain ranges, river valleys, and treeless flats covered with the native tussock grass. Its pastures provided grazing for 43,000 sheep and 1500 cattle.

Nowadays sheep-farmers are cautious about taking up such large leasehold properties, for the price of wool has varied a good deal in recent years, and it is costly to conduct farming operations so far from railways and towns.

INNER LONDON SHRINKING

And Outer London Grows

The great increase in the number of insured workpeople since 1923 is mainly accounted for by London and the Home Counties.

This area gained 1,032,000 workers, while Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Notts together gained 340,000, and the Midlands gained 342,000. Over a quarter (26 per cent) of our entire insured working population is in London and the Home Counties.

The explanation is that, since the Great War ended British heavy industries and export industries have declined, while lighter industries (such as artificial silk and the electrical trades) have increased.

The lighter trades can successfully be carried on far from the coal mines, as they are largely worked by electric power. The heavy trades were tied to coal and were mainly carried on in the North.

That is why in the old days the busy North rather looked down on the South. Now the position is reversed. The whirligig of time has made the South busy, and much of the North is relatively idle.

When we speak of London now it is misleading to think of L.C.C. London only. London has expanded; its people have made new homes and built new factories in a great outer belt. L.C.C. London is declining and the outer working ring grows. It has been a remarkable migration, and it was undreamed of 30 years ago. It has taken statesmen by surprise.

All this raises many serious issues in case of national emergency. It is clear that the London fire-brigade system, excellent for normal work, would be quite unable to cope with war conditions. The distribution of food and materials from London and other ports calls for serious planning.

The Epitaph of a Crowded Life

Our friend Sir Irving Albery, M.P., has sent us two handsome volumes with 1648 pages of the dramatic works of his father, James Albery, who was born 101 years ago next month.

The volumes contain a large number of plays which were popular in the Victorian Era, and in one of which Sir Henry Irving made his first most notable triumph as an actor; but what interests us at the moment is the evidence in them that the world is very much the same from one generation to another. We read in one play the line, "My lord! My lord! the people are in arms," and in another part of the same play is this verse which fits so well into the world of our own day:

*Oh! the world is well enough:
But men tread with cruel feet,
Till the pleasant ways are rough
And there's bitter in the sweet.
Truth is near but you forsake it,
And the world is what you make it.*

Apart from the plays, which Mr Wyndham Albery has edited with much skill (and we are sure with much devotion), the volumes are an astonishing comment on the modesty of James Albery, who, when looking back on his life, felt that he had done so little that he wrote an epitaph like this:

*He slept beneath the moon,
He basked beneath the sun;
He lived a life of going to do
And died with nothing done.*

Pronunciations in This Paper

Antares	An-tay-rees
Casimir	Cas-im-er
Gaza	Gay-zah
Sharon	Shair-on
Ulysses	U-lis-ces

TOO MUCH COTTON

America is to sell her surplus cotton to the world very cheaply.

What has happened is this. The United States has 11,000,000 bales of unsold cotton on hand, and it is expected that this year's crop will also be in excess of commercial demand, so that America would pile up a great mountain of unsold cotton.

Therefore, says President Roosevelt, they must export the surplus with the aid of a Government subsidy, doing for cotton what America has already done for wheat.

GUARANTEES FOR HITLER

If Herr Hitler fears that he will be overrun by Russia, that he will be fallen upon by Poland, that he will be attacked by Belgium and Holland, that he will be browbeaten by Denmark, he has only to declare his anxiety openly to the world in order to receive the most solemn international guarantees.

Mr Winston Churchill

THE IDEAL CRICKET PITCH

Those who are old enough to remember playing cricket on pitches whose uncertain level made it a matter of chance whether the ball hit one's wicket or one's head will appreciate the decision of the MCC that in future pitches are not to be too carefully prepared.

The new instruction is that the groundsman should give the bowler a chance. We do not want to see cricket made dangerous, yet a cricket pitch ought not to resemble a billiard-table.

Groundsmen have applied marl to cricket pitches to keep them true, and batsmen have had the unfair and uncricket-like advantage of seeing the bowler deprived of a fair chance to spin. Cricket becomes tedious when the ground is all in favour of the batsman. And three-day matches might well be reduced to two by widening the wicket.

THE L C C AND THE BOATS

As we all know, that amusing and useful M P Mr A. P. Herbert has introduced into Parliament a Bill to restore to the L C C the power to run passenger boats on the Thames.

What we do not all realise, perhaps, is that it throws a curious light on our conceptions of freedom that such a great local authority should not have such a power as a matter of course. No foreign city has to ask permission to do such a thing, yet London must go cap in hand to Parliament.

THE CAVE MAN BY THE FIRE

A young Italian archaeologist has come upon a thrilling discovery in a grotto between Rome and Naples.

The grotto is near San Felice Circeo, a spot which brings to mind Ulysses and Circe, but the story of the grotto was old 100,000 years before Ulysses sailed that way. It is on the coast, and was the cave of a man who lived so long ago that 5000 generations would not take us back to his time—so long that there have been perhaps fifty million dawns since he rose to greet the morning sun. But, for all that, he loved to sit by the fire, and his fireside has come to light at long last.

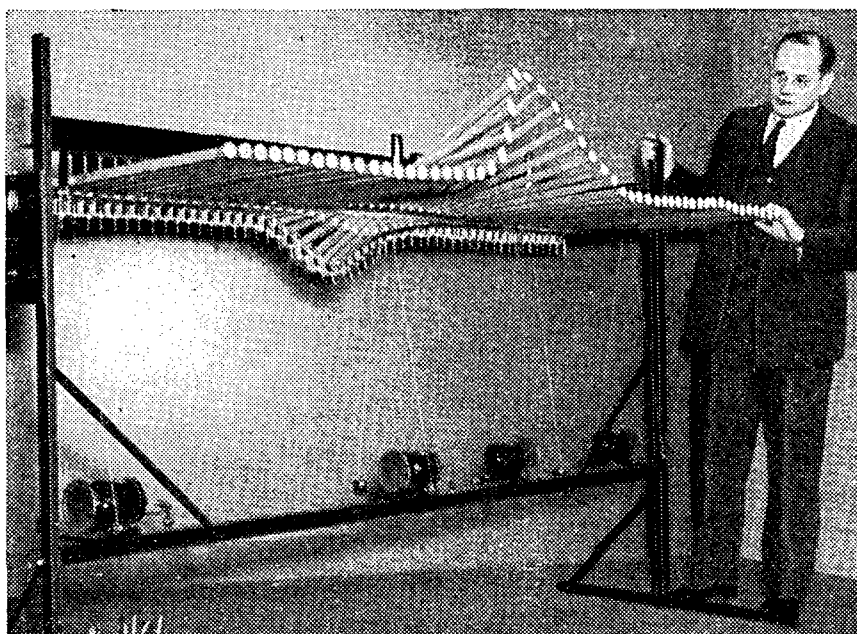
It was buried by a landslide. Experts declare that it is the oldest fireplace in the world, and that the fire in it burned when the warm Mediterranean region was in the grip of an Ice Age. The man who crouched by it, warming his hands at the flickering blaze, belonged to what we call the Neanderthal type, and his fire crackled between flint uprights.

THE WORTHY DEED OF WORTHING

One good deed helps another; so virtue travels round the world.

Worthing Town Council has resolved to buy 72 more acres of downland near High Salvington, joining the 59 acres for which Miss Nancy Price raised a fund of £6000. It has been arranged that the area bought with Miss Price's fund shall be a sanctuary for wild life, and no snare or trap is to be allowed on it.

An Electric Wave in Slow Motion



WHAT happens when an electric transmission line is struck by electricity?

The line is charged with an excess voltage which would cause damage to the transformers were they not protected by lightning arresters. But what happens is unseen and occurs instantaneously.

An engineer of the American Westinghouse Electric Company has invented an apparatus which enables observers to see what happens, in slow motion. A surge of current which may have a life of one ten-thousandth of a second can be illustrated mechanically on the apparatus shown in the picture, slowed down to five or even ten seconds.

The wave model device consists of 56 long aluminium arms mounted at their centre of gravity on hardened steel bearings. A flat spring is mounted rigidly to each of the arms and the free end of the spring is attached to an

adjacent arm. When the first arm is moved up or down it transmits the movement successively to all the other arms in the form of a wave, just as a long rope can be made to move in waves when it is jerked at one end.

As long as all 56 arms are allowed to move freely a wave started at one end will move forward to the other end and return, always staying above the imaginary line formed by the arms at rest. This corresponds to positive electric waves moving in an open circuit. If the 56th arm is prevented from moving, in simulation of a short-circuit, the returning wave is negative, moving below the imaginary line. By placing an obstruction above one of the metal bars, to represent the lightning arrester, the wave shape beyond that point is changed just as the lightning arrester on a transmission line allows only a reduced voltage to pass.

THE AMERICAN G MEN

One of the saddest items in recent news from overseas is the American proposal to add 35 to the number of G men, at great cost.

The G men are police specially recruited to hunt gangsters.

There is nothing more remarkable in the world than this excess of crime in what is the naturally richest land in the world. Crime is usually associated with poverty, but there are naturally poor countries in Europe where no such degree of crime exists as in America.

We are driven to the explanation that in America the race to get rich, the desire to obtain "easy money," is a lure which leads many to forget that honesty is the best policy and that crime is the least prosperous of trades.

VERY FEW GREAT PEOPLE

It has been calculated that some thirty thousand millions of people have been born in the period of recorded history, which is a very tiny part of the history of our planet.

It is a vast company, but how few have had any real influence upon the human race! Leaders are rare, and when they appear they are revered for the gifted creatures they are.

How many leaders of thought and action have appeared in recorded history? The answer is about five thousand. If we counted only the great the number would be fewer still, a few hundreds.

We have only to think of the history of our own land to realise how few really great men and women have appeared in it, yet England is a leading nation.

The 5000 people of real importance that the world has known include some 250 women.

A NATION'S NERVES

I have been at pains to try to discover what is the state of German opinion. It could be defined today as nerve-stricken apathy. The nerves of that country, which have been tortured with these injections of ambition, glory, excitement, adventurism, fear, terror, and hatred, have become overcharged, and the response to those injections is daily becoming less immediate, and the drugs being injected have to be increased in force.

Mr Harold Nicolson, M P

DENMARK TO BUY MORE FROM US

Denmark has informed the British Government that she agrees to buy more goods in the British market.

During the present year she will increase her purchases of British goods by roundly 23,000,000 kroner. There are about 18 kroner to the pound sterling.

This is as it ought to be, for we buy enormous quantities of Danish butter, eggs, and bacon. In fact, if Denmark lost the British market it would go hardly with her, for she would find it difficult to sell them elsewhere at such good prices, or even at all.

Here are the facts for British trade with Denmark last year:

Our imports from Denmark £37,859,000
Our exports to Denmark £15,783,000

Denmark knows that we could buy all we need in butter and bacon from within the British Empire.

THE OLD UMBRELLA

Concerning old umbrellas, the lady of a manor house near Lewes (one of the much-esteemed grandmother readers of the C N) writes that she has an umbrella given by Sir George Alexander, the famous actor, to her mother on her birthday in 1893.

NEVER DESPAIR

Twenty years ago Mr D. Hughes of Wrexham was told by his doctor that he had only six months to live.

He saw six other doctors and they all said the same, but the eighth doctor he consulted gave him a blood transfusion which restored him to health. He has outlived four of the doctors who prophesied his death, has once been nearly drowned, once accidentally shot, and once buried in a coal mine by a fall of roof for three days.

IS THERE A BURIED CITY?

Sir John Lynn-Thomas, a distinguished Welsh surgeon, intends to bequeath 50 acres of his estate to the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth.

He is doing this so that after his death the work of digging up the past in the neighbourhood of his house may go on, for he believes that the district is one of the richest of all areas in Britain so far as the antiquarian is concerned.

Standing finely in the Teifi Valley, Sir John's house belonged for centuries to the bishops of St David's; and among the treasures brought to light have been relics which were probably new 1500 years before Christ. Sir John's theory is that Phoenician traders visited Wales, or perhaps invaded it, and built a Phoenician city. Stones with inscriptions supporting the theory have been brought to light.

SCRAPPING

It seems to me that the idea of intelligent nations organising themselves to throw millions of tons of scrap iron at one another goes against every scrap of common sense.

Mr Maxton, M P

GOOD THINGS FOR NEXT TO NOTHING

It is often said that the cost of living, rising from year to year, makes life increasingly difficult, yet there are wonderful things that remain marvels of cheapness. The cost of the B B C to a listening household is less than a halfpenny a day.

Another service by which we benefit night and day is that of the Metropolitan Water Board. At a cost of millions of pounds it takes water from the Thames and Lea and from the wells of Kent and of the Thames Valley, stores it in reservoirs with a capacity of over 19,655 million gallons, filters it by a system of which the primary filters alone cover an area of over 30,000 square feet, and, by means of upwards of 8000 miles of mains, delivers it to the households of the metropolitan area for all domestic purposes, including unlimited baths, at a cost of less than twopence a day for the average house.

FILMS FOR THE FUTURE

Newcastle is the latest city to adopt the idea of keeping film records of events connected with the city. A film record of a 10-mile tour of the city's works, hospitals, and housing estates has been made and will be kept sealed with the record of the Coronation celebrations.

THE POPULAR GRASSHOPPERS

Grasshoppers are very popular at the moment at the Bathurst Golf Club in New South Wales, for they have saved the club a great deal of expense.

The fine clippings left by the mower cause undergrowth to appear in the greens, which is removed once a year by a gang of men at a cost of £100.

The other morning an army of grasshoppers descended and breakfasted on the greens; and found the grass so succulent that they decided to stay a few days before continuing on their way. They gobbled up all the clover flowers and seeds which the blades of the mower had not been able to cut and thinned out the surface grass, so that now the greens are looking better than they have ever done. The club is considering making their unusual visitors honorary members, and is hoping they will come back each year.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 22

1939

The Great Hope

THE great hope of the world is being built up again into—what?

Into the idea of the League of Nations, Collective Security.

Even those who derided it, those who worked for its destruction and imagined they had brought it to nought, turn to it now, and all the hope that Liberty has is in the grouping of powerful nations to form a barrier against aggression.

Whatever we may call it, it is the principle of the League—the League that is supposed to be dead but must come to life again.

It is faith in the League that is wanted. It may be said that the League stands today as Christianity stood so many centuries back; it was bound to capture and save the world if men would believe in it. If Christianity through all these years has not yet saved the world it is not the fault of Christianity; it is the fault of those who have not believed in it. The Church has failed because its faith has not been equal to its opportunity.

We have to see that the League of Nations does not perish for want of faith. It is crying out for those who will believe in it. Faith has put it where it is, but it is not enough to leave it there. It must be sustained and strengthened by the goodwill of the nations. Let us remember that it is the League idea to which the world is turning under another name. One day the League will work if we will all believe in it. If we will trust it it will give us peace.

Its idea (a group of Powers defending liberty) is the only thing on earth which can say to the Next War, *Thou shalt not be.*

The task before us now is to go out into all the world and preach the gospel of the League to every nation.

Thine Are Every Time and Place

LIFE of ages richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine are every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving noblest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim way,
Quelling strife and tyrant wrong,
Widening freedom's sacred sway.
The American Samuel Johnson



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Millions of People Wanted

NEW ZEALAND is one of the richest corners of the British Empire, except in population.

Last year saw only 16,335 people added to its population, bringing the total up to 1,618,093 on December 31, according to the Government statistician. This total includes 87,947 Maoris—thenativebrown-skinnedrace.

It is a pity that New Zealand, which is as big as England, Scotland, and Wales, has so few people, and is gaining so few new settlers every year. Of late there has been much talk of the need for turning on once again the flow of British emigrants to New Zealand. One New Zealand M.P. has formed a Five Million Club with the idea of seeing that New Zealand has at least five million people as soon as possible.

Every Woman's Work

A RECENT letter in The Times used the words sordid and degrading about some kinds of domestic work, and we were glad to see that a lady wrote back that she has done every kind of domestic work and has taught many young maids; and adding:

We might do well to copy one good example set by Germany and require that every girl should put in a year of domestic work on leaving school, irrespective of class or means.

Encouragement

A MEMBER of the King's Privy Council sends us little encouragements in these dark days. One is this passage: *God working darkly in men's brains, Using their passions as His tool, Brings freedom with a tyrant's chains, And wisdom from a fool.*

Number Two is from Oliver Cromwell on the night before Dunbar:

All shall work for good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord, though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord, of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Facts Count

WE hear that alcohol is best, but we have been looking at some figures which suggest that it is not quite so good as milk.

They are the figures of an insurance company, showing the number of deaths in the general section compared with the teetotal section. In the general section, made up of those who take alcohol, out of every 100 people expected to die 91 actually died, but in the teetotal section out of every 100 expected to die only 82 died.

In spite of what the advertisements say, facts count.

The Keys of Saint Peter

And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

St Matthew's Gospel

THESE keys appear on the arms of the Pope, one is gold, the other silver. The golden key represents the spiritual power of the Pope, the silver key the temporal power.

Chivalry in the Bus

A CORRESPONDENT writes to tell us that travelling on the London Tube, from Piccadilly to Earl's Court, a middle-aged lady was left standing while eleven men of various ages and classes remained seated. He calls this a sign of the decline of chivalry, and so it is.

What is even more remarkable is the way in which some schoolboys, travelling to and from school in our country buses, are content to leave old men and women standing. We have repeatedly seen and heard of this, and it shows a very selfish nature; but we are glad to think that few are the boys who read the C.N. and fail in chivalry.

JUST AN IDEA

We are human beings first, a film reminded us not long ago, and nations and republics afterwards.

Under the Editor's Table

IF all railways were electrified many would miss the old steam trains. They will miss the electric ones too.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If upholsterers make good chairmen

QUITE young children wear glasses nowadays. They must take care they are not tumblers.

AN old lady says she loves organs. All hers are sound.

TURKISH girls must not try to look like film stars. Yet their faces are often screened.

A CELEBRATED author is fond of fishing. Does he use bookworms?

WHEN a boy takes up a job he should have an end in view. Or two ends, then he can make them meet.

TYPISTS work harder than navvies, says a lawyer. And theirs is a key industry.

The Lady of the Flowers

THERE is a flower shop in Boscombe whose window is always full of beauty, but the loveliest thing in the shop is not to be found in the window, as an anxious hospital nurse once discovered.

This nurse was looking after a little sick girl for whom there was no hope of recovery. The child had borne her sufferings with such cheerful courage that she had become very dear to those about her, and all of them did what they could to make her happy.

One summer day, not long before she died, she said wistfully that she would like a bunch of snowdrops, her favourite flowers; and the nurse went out to try to find some. Everywhere she met with defeat, till she turned into the shop in Boscombe.

To its kindly proprietor she told her story.

"Of course," was the reply, "she must have her flowers if it is humanly possible."

She telephoned far and near, asking for a miracle, snowdrops in summer! At last the hoped-for reply came, from a famous grower; and soon the nurse went back to the shop to fetch them.

"How much?" she asked, looking at the cool white blooms.

"Nothing," was the reply; "give them to the child from me." For she knew that the little bunch, worth almost its weight in gold, was far beyond the slender purse of the kindly nurse.

Free Men All

May Britain's flag for ever float
O'er free men, strong and brave,
And Britain's might stand for the right,
For peace, ready to save
Her people from all tyranny,
Those whom oppressions wring,
And may God's light for ever guide
Her statesmen and her king.

For free men fear nor fire nor sword,
Greathearts, of noble mien,
Their strength lies not in mortal flesh,
But springs from power unseen.

"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,"
"Fear not, be not afraid,"
And "Love thy neighbour as thyself,"
These things the Master said.

So free men have the faith of kings,
They know their cause is just,
That right is might, nor can it be
For long trod in the dust.
Our British flag free men have flown,
In battle and in breeze,
And Britain's might, armed with the right,
Still guards the seven seas.

Bruce H. Johnston

The Light Between

I LOVE the light
That comes between the evening
And the night.

It heals those wounds
Inflicted by the day.
It washes white all stains
That linger in the way.

Precious, the light
That comes between the evening
And the night. Egbert Sandford

SOMETHING LIKE A BUDGET

Raising the Money to Meet a Menace

All the nation is wondering what new taxes will be imposed in the Budget Sir John Simon is to lay before Parliament next week.

With expenditure on a scale such as the country has never known before except at the height of the Great War, great ingenuity is necessary to raise the essential revenue without maiming industry or breaking the back of the private taxpayer.

The younger Pitt during his long Premiership was confronted by problems just as grave as ours, for he had only a population of less than ten millions on which to rely, and had not the wealth brought by manufactures which has strengthened later governments.

He had to finance our own Army and Navy; moreover, he had to furnish huge loans or gifts to nations who were from time to time allied with us against the menace of Napoleon. Some of his taxes we recognise as surviving in our own lists. We have Death Duties; he had Legacy Duties. He had to tax riding-horses, racehorses, linen, calico, candles, bricks, tiles, paper, postage, gold and silver plate, and the export of lead.

The Window Tax

Wage-earners had to pay twopence in the pound on £60 a year, the scale rising so that at £200 a year a tenth went to the State; there were no allowances for children or other dependents in those days, and the time came when all the normal taxes had to be trebled.

One of the worst impositions was the tax on windows. Every house with more than six windows had to pay, and all over the country today we see windows still bricked up to remind us of the hardship caused by this tax.

They were hard, perilous, desperate days, but they saw England save herself by her exertions and Europe by her example; and Pitt, who imposed the crushing taxes, was acclaimed by the grateful country as The Pilot Who Weathered the Storm.

THE KALEIDAKON

And a House With a Moral

The Ideal Home Exhibition, so full of notions for the new home, has itself a new home this year.

For the first time this popular exhibition is being held at Earl's Court, a gigantic hall which provides excellent opportunities for rich spectacle, opportunities which the promoters have taken to the full. The centre of the exhibition is the Kaleidakon, a shining tower 86 feet high rising from a rippling lake. From the tower come forth stirring melody and luminous colour in perfect partnership.

The men and women who make our homes are honoured on heroic scale, 14 statues symbolising the materials and workers being poised high above the Grand Arena. Each statue is 17 feet high.

An exhibit which seems to point a moral in these unhappy days is the All-Europe House, which combines in one abode the best features of the homes of many lands on the Continent. This most interesting show remains open until May 6.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL	
Rainfall . . . 93 in.	Tynemouth . . . 2.32 ins.	
Sunshine . . . 93 hrs.	Aberdeen . . . 1.96 ins.	
Dry days . . . 17	Gorleston . . . 1.88 ins.	
Days with rain . . . 14	Falmouth . . . 1.85 ins.	
Warmest day . . . 3rd	Chester . . . 1.69 ins.	
Wettest day . . . 11th	Birmingham . . . 1.65 ins.	
Coldest day . . . 18th	South'pton . . . 1.40 ins.	

END THE HORROR OF THE ROADS

Safe and Sober Driving

THE GRAVE REPORT BEFORE PARLIAMENT

EXPRESSING the hope that it will not be hidden away in a pigeon-hole, the Committee of the House of Lords on the Prevention of Road Accidents have issued a Report which should go far to lessen a holocaust which the peers describe as nothing short of appalling.

The Report advocates an experimental motorway which should help transport as well as the saving of life. Drastic action is called for to educate and control drivers, cyclists, and pedestrians, many of whom break the Highway Code hourly and even boast about their deeds. They should have a revised edition of the Code which should be given the force of law, says the Report. It is not, they think, that there should be more prosecutions, but rather that the police should adopt the methods of advice and persuasion; yet when the offence is terrible, as in the case of drunkenness at the wheel, punishments should be of an exemplary character.

It is recommended that cyclists should be registered and insured, have two effective brakes, and should carry number plates, bells, and a red lamp as well as a reflecting disc after dark. They should report accidents as motorists do now, and should not be allowed to ride more than two abreast. Children should obtain a proficiency badge before being allowed to cycle on public roads, and no child under ten should cycle on the road.

The Lancashire Experiment

As for the pedestrian, he should be held to be breaking the law when entering a carriageway heedlessly or walking on a track set apart for cyclists.

The Committee were much impressed by the Lancashire experiment which began on a big scale two years ago. This police method justified its cost to the Treasury, for it reduced the accident rate by 47 per cent as against an average decrease for the whole country of only 5 per cent. They therefore urge that grants should be made to the police to enable them to increase the number of patrols.

One of the chief recommendations is for the setting-up of a Road Safety Research Board, which should issue a report at least once a year. The Committee point to the reduction in accidents which is due to the work of factory inspectors, and consider that

similar good work could be achieved by special officers on the roads.

Though they believe most accidents are the result of human error, the Committee consider that the state of the roads is more to blame than the Ministry of Transport would suggest. Our road system, says the Report, is inadequate and out of date; it does not meet the traffic needs, the convenience, or the safety of road users, and saturation point has almost been reached. They are the most densely used roads in the world with more than 13 motor vehicles (not counting motor-cycles) to the mile, compared with nine in America and seven in Germany.

Germany's Motorways

Deeply impressed with the new motorways of Germany, and with the fact that the accident-rate on them is only 17 per cent of that on the old State roads, the Committee suggest that an experimental motorway should be built in this country.

The Report urges energy and despatch in the construction of trunk roads and makes many recommendations for the improvement of roads both in town and country. Dual carriageways, roundabouts, fly-over junctions or tunnels, the abolition of level-crossings and hump-backed bridges, and a general uniformity of signs are strongly advocated. We are glad to read the proposals that the Belisha Beacons should be illuminated at night—a suggestion we made ourselves to Mr Hore-Belisha long ago. The Report suggests that green and red advertisement lights should be prohibited in the neighbourhood of traffic lights; that studs should be removed from the roadways; that more subways should be built (with ramps and not steps) and more guard-rails erected; and that bays for stationary vehicles should be made every few miles on the highway.

Also this valuable Report urges that there should be public propaganda as to the danger of alcohol in driving, especially discouraging the habit growing up among drinkers of having "one for the road."

There are, in fact, few aspects of the road problem which the Committee have not considered, and the Report, if acted on, would surely help to save many lives which otherwise will be needlessly lost on our roads.

The Sea Miles Above Us

MARVELS follow so fast today that our capacity for wonder is in danger of exhaustion.

We think little of one aeroplane rising into the air carrying another, of aeroplane fuelling aeroplane in mid-air, of an air-liner carrying over 20 passengers from the New World to the Old and cooking meals two miles up on a plane travelling three miles a minute.

"I told you so" they would retort if they could wake from a sleep of seven hundred years to learn of the newest developments of flying in the stratosphere, for they always believed there was a sea above the clouds.

A famous writer in the early 13th century, named Gervase of Tilbury, told of this upper sea, and to prove its existence recorded the adventure of a Bristol seaman and his wife.

While sailing from Bristol to Ireland, says Gervase, the mariner was driven far out of his course into strange waters, and there accidentally dropped his knife into the sea. At that very moment his wife was seated at table with her children in the house at Bristol, when lo, the knife fell through the open

sky-light and stuck in the table before her. She recognised it at once, adds the old chronicler, and when her husband eventually returned they compared notes and found that the time when the knife fell from his hands corresponded exactly with that in which it was so strangely recovered. "Who, then," cries Gervase, "after such evidence as this can doubt the existence of a sea above this earth of ours, situated in the air, or over it?"

So old Gervase 700 years ago; today we admit that there is a sea over us, but a sea of air, yet as full of currents as the imaginary sea of our forefathers; and it is concerning the play and the temperature, the speed and the height, of these currents that our airmen are daily trying to solve the secret.

The Spark Plug

It has been discovered that aeroplanes which fly at altitudes between 25,000 and 30,000 feet cannot keep up such stratosphere flights for long without suffering a breakdown of their spark plugs. The cause of this is as yet unknown.

SPREADING THE HOLIDAYS

Can It Be Done?

August is becoming more and more the chosen period for holidaymakers, when the demands for lodgings and service are everywhere increased. The prices of holiday attractions are high in July and August, with the exception of cheap railway facilities, which are now offered throughout the summer.

According to railway figures the issue of monthly return tickets is 100 per cent greater in July and August than in May and June. Including all types of holiday tickets, 20,000,000 more passengers travel by train during August than in May or October. The average long-distance holiday train seats 500 passengers, so that the equivalent of some 40,000 trains are needed to transport these additional travellers.

During the summer months last year the number of passenger journeys made over the main line railways was: in May 42 millions, in June 55, in July 61, in August 62.

The railways rightly claim that a spread-over of holidays would give a higher standard of comfort and more convenience to the public. They suggest that those who can possibly avoid the crowded period, which extends from the end of July until the third week in August, would by doing so greatly help others as well as themselves. It would also help if travel could be undertaken in the middle of the week.

The Soldier's Children Over the Sea

When the troopship sails with the tide from Southampton, leaving our island of mists for lands of mystery, the merry laughter of children mingles with the shouts and songs of soldiers.

The children are sons and daughters of the regiments, born within sound of the bugle call, who are being taken by their parents to share a soldier's life in some distant post of Empire where British troops keep the peace.

The number of Army children in stations abroad at present is 5375, and they are located as follows:

Bermuda . . . 60	Ceylon . . . 52
Egypt . . . 639	Gibraltar . . . 275
Hong Kong . . . 351	North China . . . 41
Jamaica . . . 80	Malta . . . 405
Malaya . . . 406	Mauritius . . . 26
Palestine . . . 240	India . . . 2300

Army children's schools are maintained at these stations for children between the ages of 5 and 14, and their education is carried on in the same way as for children at school in England.

Let Us Give Thanks

It is good to be reminded that gratitude is still to be found.

Those of us who are in danger of disbelieving in its existence should talk with the secretaries of some of London's hospitals, especially those in poorer parts.

Only the other day a surgeon in one of our great hospitals received a haddock, a thankoffering from a patient too poor to make a monetary gift. Sometimes the London Hospital has received fruit and vegetables by way of saying "Thank you." An East End hospital did what it could for a clergyman's wife, but she had to remain in hospital longer than had been expected. The secretary reduced the fee to a quarter of the usual rate, allowing the clergyman to pay it in instalments, and so grateful was he that he organised a concert on behalf of the hospital, raising £300.

The National Hospital in Queen Square not long ago received from an old lady 80 gold sovereigns; she had been saving them up for 25 years, and good news it was to her when she was told that at present value the gold was worth more than £100.

POLAND DIED AND ROSE AGAIN

Poland, Germany's eastern neighbour and our new ally against aggression, has been the saviour and the victim of Europe. It was the bulwark against the pagan onslaught in the 11th century. It held up the Turks when they threatened to overrun Europe in the 15th. Often Poland has collapsed almost in the hour of triumph, her neighbours falling on her to rend her.

POLAND'S fate has been a tragic one, not once or twice, but three times.

In the first period, when Boleslas was its warrior king, he extended the Polish Empire in one plain from the Baltic to the Black Sea; but this imposing superstructure rested on foundations that were always treacherous, because Poland has no natural frontiers, and, except for the superb river system of the Vistula and its tributaries, the country has few notable features. She could maintain herself only by being stronger than her violent neighbours, and when she weakened they were on to her to take back all she had won, and more.

Twenty years after Boleslas died (just before the Conqueror came to England) a combination of Poland's enemies swept away the remnants of civilisation and Christianity of which she had been the guardian, and the country became a smoking wilderness. It was a century before she made any recovery, and then she partitioned herself into eight principalities, which, divided, were unable to make headway against any combination of determined foes. Among these foes were the Teutons, and more dangerous than these the Lithuanians, whom the Germans described as barbarians.

Poland's history during the next three centuries is rather too compli-

cated to follow in detail. It is a string of the names of its rulers, Wenceslaus, Ladislaus, and Casimir the Great. These were the nominees of the Jagiello line of princes who came into power when Poland allied herself to Lithuania and much of Poland's power in Europe was restored to her. Ladislaus the Third, who became also King of Hungary, for long held back the Turks. When the Jagiello line came to an end, about the time Elizabeth was reigning in England, Poland again fell to pieces.

It was at that time an aristocratic republic in which an oligarchy of nobles elected a king. Sir John Marriott, in his story of the evolution of Europe during the last five centuries, remarks that in the two centuries between the death of the last Jagiello and the first Partition of Poland by her powerful neighbours, Prussia and Austria, the dubious honour of the Polish crown was put up to auction by the nobles who really ruled Poland. It was conferred in turn on a Frenchman, a Hungarian, three Swedes, two Poles, two Saxons nominated by Austria, and a nominee of Catherine of Russia.

The nominated kings had no power. The Saxon kings rarely visited the country. There was no administrative system. Parliament was a farce. Each nobleman did what was right in his

own eyes and dealt as he would with his serfs. The mass of the people were serfs tied to the soil, and there was no middle class between them and the 150,000 aristocratic families.

Poland was ready to fall to pieces out of rottenness. Her neighbours, whose convenience it had suited to respect her independence, thought the time had come to pick up the pieces for themselves. Thus came about the First Partition of Poland, suggested in 1769 by Frederick of Prussia, called the Great. Frederick came to an agreement with Catherine of Russia, and they laid their first subterranean mine by securing the election

house in order, but in vain, and in 1793, with a Russian army in occupation, the Second Partition took place.

The last act was not long in following. The Poles, driven to despair by Russian tyranny, rose in revolt under their heroic leader Kosciusko. In 1794 they threw the Russian garrisons out of Cracow, Warsaw, and Wilno in turn; but theirs was a barren triumph. The Prussians marched into Poland; Russia sent their famous General Suvaroff, Austria came in on a third side to crush the poor little patriot army which had done so valiantly. Kosciusko was defeated at the Battle of Maciejowice, and, covered with wounds,



An Easter service in the open air before a village church in the district of Lowicz



A Peaceful Scene in the Heart of Poland—Windmills and droves of

of Catherine's discarded favourite, Stanislaus Poniatowsky, to the vacant Polish throne. The next step of the conspirators was to compel the ineffective Polish Parliament, under the eyes of a Russian Army of Occupation, to repeal any laws which would interfere with their projects. The Polish patriots could offer only ineffective opposition to the Russian domination, and, though France was alarmed, and Maria Theresa of Austria was reluctant, the First Partition was consummated in 1772. Austria took the best share, Prussia obtained West Prussia, Russia got what was called White Russia.

Partition did not stop there. What was left of Poland tried to put its

he fell into the hands of his enemies. Poland was crushed, and in 1795 was wiped off the map of Europe. In the Third Partition Russia took all the country up to the Niemen and the Bug. Prussia, after squabbling with Austria, got East Prussia and South Prussia, including Warsaw; Austria had to be contented with Cracow and Western Galicia.

How did the rest of Europe regard this robbery? Our English poet Thomas Campbell wrote:

And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.

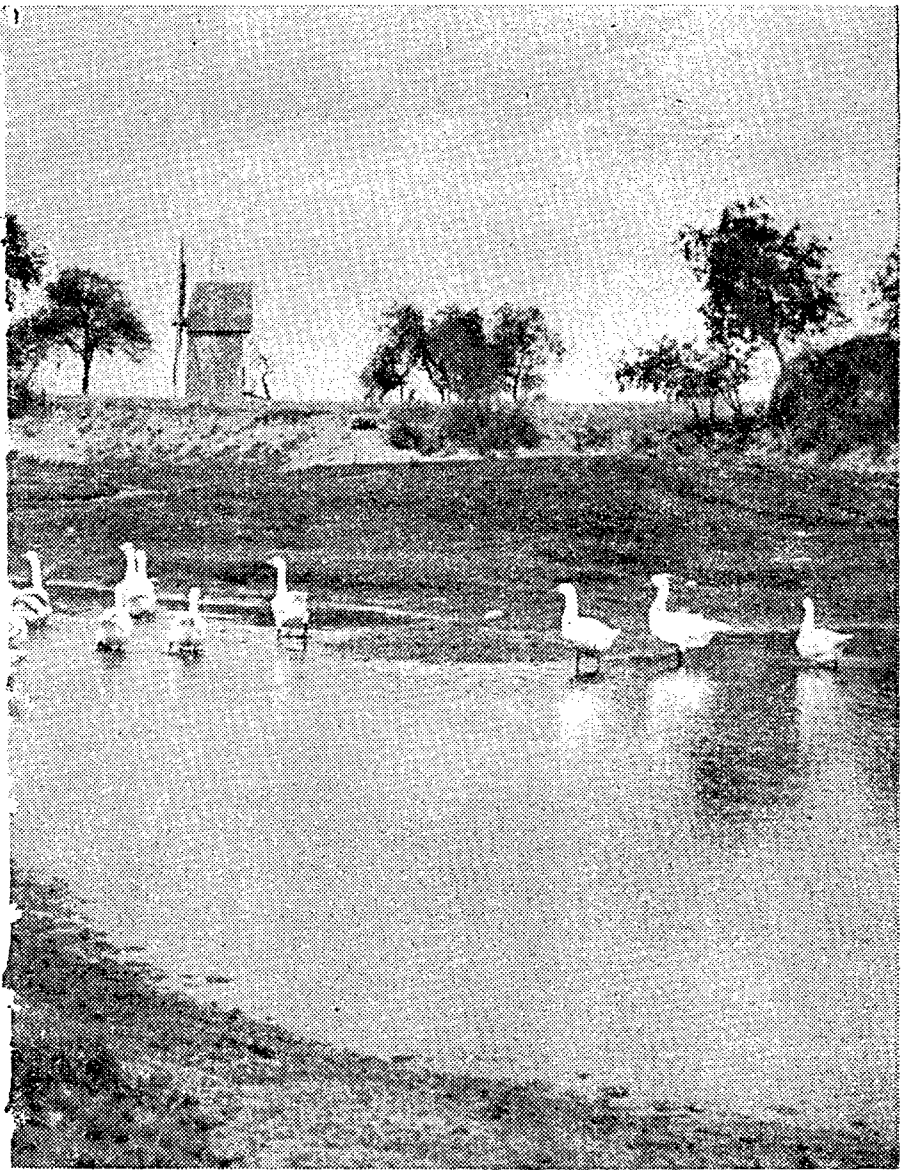
An English statesman, Edmund Burke, declared in words of grave significance today that the partition was a transaction flinging the political

system of Europe back into that state of nature where force was the only security.

France at that time could do nothing, but after the destruction of Poland many Poles took refuge in that country and a Polish legion fought under the banner of the French Republic. Napoleon, after defeating the Prussians at Jena, marched into Warsaw, and was rather prematurely acclaimed as Poland's Liberator. But he did give back most that Prussia had taken, and constituted a Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under which the Poles enjoyed better government than they had ever had before. Serfdom was abolished, schools founded, a code of law established. When Napoleon marched into Russia the grateful Poles contributed 80,000 men. They

efforts to Prussianise Poland through her schools, her churches, and her peasants fell short of success, and Austria's efforts of repression in her Polish provinces fared no better. Through good and evil times Poland's head remained unbowed. The Poles preserved their nationality, and at the end of the Great War, 120 years after their country had ceased to exist as a State, they demanded from the Peace Conference at Versailles its re-establishment.

Before the Great War began Poland was still insurgent. There was a Polish Socialist Party, usually styled the P P S, of which Joseph Pilsudski, who as Marshal Pilsudski played so large a part in Poland's re-birth, was the leader. Pilsudski, who was born near Wilno, would sometimes describe



Geese are characteristic features of the countryside in the republic

perished in the Russian snows, and the Duchy of Warsaw with them. Again Poland came under the heel of a conqueror; and when, after Napoleon's banishment to Elba, the Peace Congress of Vienna attempted to redistribute it most of it passed to the Tsar Alexander as King of Poland.

During the century between Waterloo and the World War the lot of the Poles was indeed unhappy. Their struggles to be free ended usually in disaster. Revolution and insurrection against Russia left them worse off than before. Their success was in resisting the long conspiracy to denationalise them.

Their revolts against Russia and Prussia failed, but all Bismarck's

himself as a canny Lithuanian, but where Poland was concerned he was a Pole through and through, and unalterably opposed to the hereditary enemy, Russia. His declared ideal was to save Poland for the West. For nine years before the war he was the stormy petrel of underground movements against the Russians, and he succeeded in forming a kernel of what was to be a Polish national army. When Austria-Hungary and Germany were at length locked in war against the Allies the Poles were enlisted on the side of Austria.

When the Russians were at last ejected from Warsaw the Emperors of Germany and Austria, in recognition of Poland's services against Russia,



A man of the harvest fields in Eastern Galicia

joined on November 5, 1916, in proclaiming a Polish State. The proclamation was rather vague, but it was a landmark on the road to Polish independence, and Pilsudski made the most of it. Germany wanted the Polish army; it must be paid for in independence. But Germany was not ready for that, and Pilsudski found himself in a German prison.

When he emerged from it the war was over, and the Poles who had been ready to give their lives for freedom seized the opportunity offered to them with as much determination as they had fought. Their leader sent a wireless message to the Allies, to Germany, and to all other States, notifying them of the existence of an independent and united Polish State.

In the passing of a cloud, in the turning of an hourglass, Poland was spreading its wings to fly towards the sun. There must have been many doubters. Who could believe that the little volunteer army which had hung on to the flanks of Russia could speak for a nation—and the Polish scattered nation! The contemptible little army reinforced its appeal by capturing and holding Lwow against its Ukrainian besiegers. Poland was again putting itself on the map.

Much of the rest of the story, though not all of it, belongs to the transac-

tions of the Peace Conference, from which Poland, thanks largely to France, emerged on June 28, 1919, as a recognised Independent State. Her western frontier from the sea to Upper Silesia was then determined, and the Polish German frontier in the years 1920 and 1921. By other decisions the frontiers with Czecho-Slovakia, with Russia, and Lithuania were laid down. Poland had regained territorially all, or nearly all, she had lost; but she gained what she prized most, her independence and freedom.

Since then she has repulsed a Russian army. She has faced her foes, and to the best of her capacity has backed her friends, though they have sometimes been slow in backing her. She has done her best to reconcile and treat with the utmost fairness the mixture of peoples within her borders, but most of all, learning much from the lessons of her chequered history, she has resolved to trust first and foremost to her own right arm.

That is common prudence, for in the past she has had enemies on every side, and those who have declared themselves her friends have left her to fight her own battles. But whatever the future may have in store for this brave country, she has taught the world that the will to freedom can never be conquered. See World Map

22 YEARS LATE

Arrival of a Postcard

Ever and again it happens that a letter or postcard written and posted many years ago turns up at its destination, like a ghostly visitor from another world, making us wish that it could tell us, besides the original contents which by now are probably meaningless, the thrilling story of its wanderings.

Such a ghostly postcard was brought a little while ago to the house of a Hungarian lady in Oradea Mare, Transylvania. It was not addressed to her, nor to the husband she lost twelve months ago, but to a nephew of the same name who in his young days had been in the habit of spending his holidays with them. The postcard had a picture on it, representing a beauty spot in some little German watering-place, and it was dated October 16, 1916.

That date tells its own tale, and so does the superscription, for the original address had been "Lieutenant B. K., Hospital A, Field Post 200." Lieutenant B. K. had been a young medical student when the war broke out and had been detailed for service at a hospital somewhere in the Carpathians; but when the postcard had arrived he was no longer there, but was believed to have died; so it was addressed to his uncle's house in Transylvania, where he had spent his last leave.

A Changed World

As it happened, Lieutenant B. K. was not dead; he had had cholera, and lost his eyesight from that terrible malady's after-effects; nevertheless the postcard failed to find him that time. It went its own errant way, by who knows what roundabout routes and with what long rests in forgotten post-bags, until it finally appeared, 22 years later, in that street in Oradea Mare.

What a changed world it found there! In 1916 Oradea Mare had been a Hungarian town, and its name had been Nagyvárad. Even the street had been called something else at that time; only the number of the house had remained the same. That simplified things for the Rumanian postman, but it did not mean the end of the postcard's wanderings. That came when a Hungarian postman laid it into the hands of a blind man in Budapest—a blind man who has remade his life, building it on music instead of on the healing of the sick, and who is now a happy husband. What memories of horror and suffering, but also of shining deeds of heroism, must have stirred within him when he held that bit of cardboard, with its casual words of greeting from a comrade long since gone!

Millions Taken From Wages

What is the economic effect of Football Pools on the nation—the effect on spending power and trade?

The facts are that many millions of pounds are spent on postal orders by the people—mostly by people of small means. Part of this, but only part, goes back in prizes to the people who subscribe. The balance is drawn off as profit to make a limited number of people rich or richer.

The net result may be thus summarised. Many poor people suffer a fall in purchasing power; they are able to buy less at the shops. Those poor people who win prizes are able to spend more, but they are a minority. A big winner is only too likely to buy luxuries. The people who draw the profits become bigger spenders, but their spending is of a different kind from that of the poor people who buy the postal orders. They buy expensive goods, luxuries.

Thus the general economic effect is to lead to less buying of necessities and more of luxuries. Wages are reduced and big incomes made bigger.

The First Discoverers of America

THAT America has been discovered more than once during the Christian Era, by various daring European seafarers, and that Columbus was not the first to discover it by many centuries are facts which have long ago been admitted.

Today we hear that Mr William B. Goodman, an archaeologist of Hartford, Connecticut, in the United States, came across a little village of 17 or 18 stone huts, shaped like beehives, in the Merrimac Valley in New Hampshire.

He was so impressed with their shape and their evident antiquity that he bought this stone village, together with some 20 acres of surrounding land.

These houses are built wholly of pieces of solid granite, and some of the rough blocks weigh as much as 100 tons each.

Photographs of these quaint old granite structures, when shown to an eminent Irish archaeologist, caused him to cry out in surprise that these dwellings were exactly the same as those on his own place in Ireland.

Experts admit that Norsemen landed about 1000 A.D. in Vineland, as they called America then, and that these

Norsemen in their Sagas state that they found a civilisation of bearded men there. The experts declare that the bearded men referred to could not have been Red Indians or Eskimos, because neither of these wore any beards.

A Celtic legend tells of a voyage made in the sixth century by Saint Brendan to Byhest (America), and it is interesting to note that in Ireland the disciples of this saint lived in stone huts of beehive shape similar to those found by Mr Goodman in New Hampshire.

Likewise, ancient history mentions an earlier voyage than Brendan's, that of the monk Merouche undertaken in 553 A.D. also to the coast of Byhest (America), and this voyage is considered by students as the more authentic of the two.

The most significant fact is that these beehive stone huts are found only in Ireland, Wales, and the Cornish coast. They date back to 600 B.C. in Ireland, and to an earlier period in Wales.

Thus there is every likelihood that the Irish or some other branch of the Celtic race were the first Europeans to sail forth and discover America, and start a foreign colony there. See World Map

A Watch-Dog For the House Buyer

THOUSANDS of people who have been buying their houses by instalments have been alarmed to find that their property has serious defects owing to the shoddy work of the jerry-builder.

On this account there has been a loud outcry against the building societies who have passed these houses as satisfactory before advancing a proportion of the purchase money. Mr Raymond Unwin, however, has been pointing out that the responsibility for passing houses is a matter between the building societies and their surveyors alone, but that there does exist an independent organisation whose sole purpose is to safeguard the purchaser.

Known as the National House Builders Registration Council, this body neither makes profits nor serves trade interests, but exists as a pure public service. It was formed two years ago with representatives of the principal organisations

of architects, surveyors, engineers, builders, building trade workers, auctioneers and estate agents, and the C.P.R.E. to secure a decent and reasonable standard of construction in house-building. With the aid of the Ministry of Health the Council has drafted a minimum standard of construction for houses of low cost, and it keeps a register of house-builders who agree to observe it.

It inspects the houses built by those on the register at every important stage of construction, and gives certificates, which the builder hands to the purchaser without charge. This certificate is only given to a builder who makes an agreement with the purchaser to make good all faults reported in two years.

We consider that the work of this Council, whose address is 13 Russell Square, London, W.C.1, should be far better known.

A Strange Jubilee in USA

THERE should be great rejoicings in Oklahoma on April 22, which at noon on that day celebrates the 50th anniversary of its opening to white men.

Until 1889 this American State of 70,000 square miles had been reserved for the Red Indians who gave the State its name, which means Red People.

Many of the most famous Red Indian tribes were there, some from time immemorial, some from tribal movements which carried these hunting people up and down and across the continent. Some of the 19th century arrivals who had lived long among the white men of the Southern States had borrowed the slave-owning habits of their civilised neighbours and actually arrived in their new homes in Oklahoma bringing Negro slaves with them.

Oklahoma remained an Indian Reserve, but white men smuggled in their herds, and some lawless whites settled among the Indians. At last many changes of policy ended in 1889 in the sale of nearly two million acres to the Government, who announced that white settlers would be permitted to enter at the time and date named, April 22, 1889.

For nearly a week in advance settlers and adventurers began to arrive on the borders in their buggies and wagons, and when, at the stroke of the appointed hour, the guards were withdrawn 50,000 people rushed pell-mell into the State, quarrelling and fighting for possession of the most coveted sites. So the new State as a home for white men was founded in bloodshed, and for every claimant to land whose demands were satisfied four were turned away.

Three Scouts in a Boat

FROM Sydney in Australia to Crief in Scotland is a long way, but three Scouts are making the voyage in a yacht.

They are Wladyslaw Wagner, a Polish Sea Scout who five years ago sailed round the world in a small boat, and David Walsh and Sydney Plowright, Australian Scouts. Their intention is to be present at the World Rover Scout Moot at Crief this summer, and if things go well and they weather all storms these daring navigators should be the heroes of that historic gathering. Adventures by the score have been

theirs already. They had travelled only a little way when they were almost wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef, their small ship badly damaged. They had 30 days at sea while crossing 2500 miles of the Indian Ocean; and the Red Sea was perhaps the hardest 1000 miles. But they are drawing nearer every day, and after sailing the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay they hope to reach British waters in summer weather. It is not yet known if they will moor their vessel at Leith or will sail it up the Clyde.

HYELM

What It Stands For

An act of kindness done 13 years ago has grown into a scheme which points the way to solving a problem of the poor but able boy setting out on his career.

When a lad comes up to London from the provinces to work in a bank, an insurance office, or any similar business he usually has to find lodgings in a house where he is a complete stranger.

Such a boy will be older than the lads who come as artisans, and his education has been on different lines, yet he may have even smaller means. Thirteen years ago Mr A. J. West, of Tufnell Park, took two such boys into his home, and he enjoyed having them so much that he decided to develop the idea. The result has been the Hyelm movement, its title being formed from the initials of Hostels for Youthful Employees of Limited Means.

Mr West has just completed the first unit of 150, who live in five houses, one for senior boys, one for junior, two for boys of intermediate age, and one reception house. Lord Ebbisham, who was Lord Mayor of London when Mr West began his work, is president of the movement, and both the City Companies and the Carnegie and Pilgrim Trusts support the scheme.

The Duke of Kent paid a call on the boys six years ago, and returned last month to join them in celebrating the completion of the first unit. It is a movement with ideals, its purpose being that every boy entering the hostels should acquire a sense of responsibility and a determination to leave the world better than he found it. The C.N. sends its good wishes to the Hyelm, and hopes its numbers will grow.

Trying to Help the Country

We feel that this experience of a reader of the C.N. who was in the Great War and was willing to offer his services to his country again should be made known, and we therefore print it. This all happened the other day.

I rang A because it was according to instructions in the National Service handbook.

The group in which I could best have pulled my weight during the September crisis filled before my application reached the authorities, and I was determined not to be late this time. Also, the evening paper called attention to the only other group which took old men.

After prolonged mutterings A made a hazy suggestion that B were the people I should approach.

B said I was too old, but when I referred them to the contents of the handbook they said in any case they could not handle my application. I thought it useless to press them for guidance.

My typist had a brain-wave and we tried C, who informed me that department D was specially set apart for dealing with the group in question.

D must have been closed, for after repeated ringings I failed to get a connection.

I am threepence out of pocket, but, as my typist pointed out, I now know how not to join the Army.

The Clerk

It is 20 years since William McCarthy walked into Mr George Ford's office in London.

He was 17, and rather nervous, for it was his first day at work, and Mr Ford, who was wearing a carnation, looked rather impressive. "Well, Mr McCarthy," said the prosperous merchant, "I hope you'll like being with us, and I hope you'll stay a long time."

Mr McCarthy did stay a long time. He stayed 20 years, and the other day he discovered that in his will Mr Ford had left his business to his trusted clerk William.

JUST A COCKNEY SOLDIER

The Great War and an Ordinary Man

It may seem nothing much to note, a Cockney soldier passing out of the world, and yet we are moved by the tale Mrs Daisy Bates tells us in her last letter from the banks of the Murray River.

Many talks she had with Frederick Lovell about his old days within sound of Bow Bells. He had been a great help to Mrs Bates in her camp since she set it up on the Murray River. He was an old soldier, she tells us, built of the finest Tommy material, never a flag-waver but an Empire man for ever.

He had served his time in the Army and was in India, and on being placed on the Reserve went out to Australia, thought it the best country he had seen, and stayed there. In 1914 he managed to get to France in time for the first gas attack at Ypres, and was gassed again and again, and on Armistice Day he was in hospital with pneumonia. Home again, he tried work on a farm, but it was too hard for him, and he took out a fishing licence.

Service Gladly Given

He had a mate for some years at his fishing, but the time came when he had to send the mate into hospital, paying for his nine weeks there by mortgaging his own pay, and at last mortgaging his future for a long time to save his friend being buried by the State.

No one knew how ill he was from the effects of gas, and he would not apply for a pension as long as he could keep himself; but the day came when he was gasping for breath and nothing could save him. His comrades in the little town of Loxton carried him to his grave with British honours, and everyone had a kindly word and a strong appreciation of the old soldier's uprightness. "His death," says Mrs Bates, "is a great loss to me, for I had such a feeling of safety with such a fine old soldier near. Scattered all over our Empire are such men as this."

It is just the life of an ordinary man, all in the day's work for his country; but it is worth while in times of strain like these, when we are all being asked for service, to remember what the life of an ordinary man is. This life began in London by the Thames and ended in Australia by the Murray, and all the years between were years of service gladly given and suffering bravely borne.

The Blackfellows Who Miss the Party

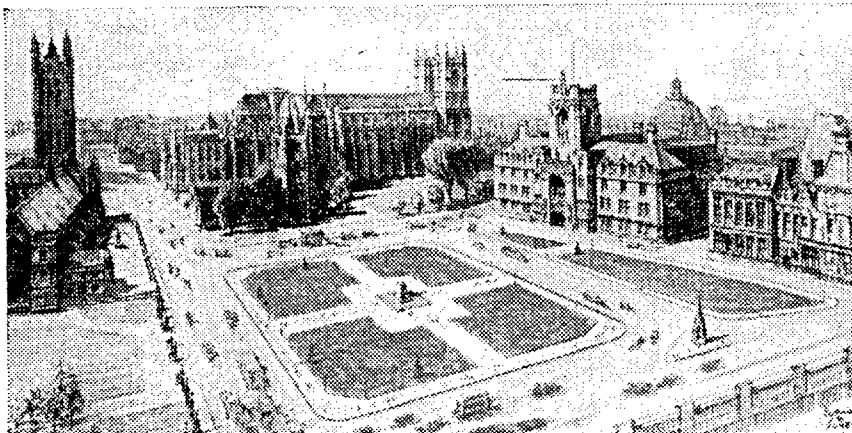
It does not often happen that a party has to be abandoned because the guest of honour stays away, but that is what has happened at an inland district of Western Australia, when two young Blackfellows did not turn up at a corroboree which was to have been held in their honour.

More than 200 Blackfellows from far afield had gathered near Kalgoorlie to hold a grand corroboree at which two young men were to be initiated into manhood. No white man knows how the aborigines were all told of the ceremony, but some of them travelled hundreds of miles to be present. Then, when everything was in readiness, the two young men did not turn up, and the ceremony had to be abandoned. Whether they feared the painful ceremony or considered themselves too civilised to submit to the initiation rites is not known, but men who have had long experience of natives said that they would probably not have any option next time, as they would be brought by force.

The Blackfellows look upon such an occasion as a grand excuse for a party, and they would be very disappointed at having to go home without it.

The Middlesex Book

A COUNTY OF PUBLIC SPIRIT



The new Parliament Square planned to reveal Middlesex County Hall in its full dignity

WE hardly know which to congratulate first, Middlesex County or its Clerk, on the excellent book it has issued in commemoration of its Council's jubilee. The book costs only half-a-crown, and has been published by Evans Brothers in a form which will enrich any bookshelf by its appearance. It is a worthy successor to the County Coronation book which is so prized by those who obtained it two years ago.

Mr C. W. Radcliffe, Clerk of the County Council, has long felt that Middlesex schoolchildren should have an opportunity to study and take a live interest in the history and growth of their county and the many phases of its local government. In the month after the Coronation the Council agreed that Mr Radcliffe should prepare such a book, and right well has he done so. There are 240 pages, 4 colour plates, 150 illustrations, and remarkable maps as endpapers, on one of which we see the Green Belt, on the other the administrative areas of Greater London clearly defined.

Fifty years ago half a million people lived in a county which in that year lost London, with its two and a half millions; today the population of Middlesex exceeds two millions. The rateable value at £20,000,000 is nearly eight times as high, it has 788 schools compared with 214, and 375 miles of roads in place of 100.

A Very Human Story

The first part of the book summarises the historical development of Middlesex. The Quarter Sessions records go back to the year 1549, and from them Mr Radcliffe has gleaned a very human story of a part of England which by the close of the 17th century was being almost entirely cultivated for market gardening and agricultural or dairy produce. There are records of witchcraft, the pressgang, and that even more nefarious seizure of people for transportation to the slave markets of America. We read that the Westminster Justices who helped to try these kidnappers were transferred to the new Middlesex bench in 1888, proudly wearing the badge George the Third had given them. One man, Sir Montagu Sharpe, still wears this badge (and we

might add that he deserves another for his masterly researches into the history of the county).

There are chapters on the old Session Houses and the splendid Guildhall, with a picture of the scheme which will bring it face to face with Westminster Hall across a grander Parliament Square, for it is Middlesex which is putting the whole nation under its debt by trying to save Parliament Square from the nigardliness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is a chapter with a list running to 16 pages of the historic houses in the county, from Hampton Court Palace to the humblest almshouse. The pictures of the buildings that have disappeared and still stand have been carefully chosen and well reproduced.

Artificial Rivers

The second part of the volume deals with the Local Government Act of 1888 and all it means in administration. Here too we are made to realise how extensive are the powers granted by Parliament to our County Councils since that date.

Part Three elaborates these County Services with valuable tables which show how the rates and grants from the Exchequer are spent. Pictures of parks, new roads and bridges, schools, hospitals, and the Green Belt reveal the progress made and will surprise most readers.

How many, for example, know that there are two artificial rivers in Middlesex, one cut by Charles Stuart for Hampton Court lakes and the other made 150 years earlier to work mills for the Abbess of Syon at Twickenham and Isleworth. We have an even greater surprise in this book—a plan of the West Middlesex Drainage District, embodying the biggest purification works in the world and serving 1,100,000 people at one penny a week each, a modern marvel of efficiency.

Lastly we have a series of chapters to encourage boys and girls to take up careers under the Council. No one knows the opportunities better than the author, and we wish him every success both with this book and the more detailed studies to which he points the way.

The Chimp of the Trees

THE chimpanzee tea-parties at the Zoo are to be attended this year by eight of the young apes, among whom will be the famous Jubilee, the first of her kind ever born in Regent's Park.

With so many of these man-like apes before us we shall have opportunities such as have never before presented themselves of studying their ways, their temperaments, and, above all, their gait.

The impression left by watching such creatures is a little disappointing. While they do not adopt the dog-like run of the monkeys, they shuffle inelegantly with their forearms used as crutches, their knuckles as supporting pads. They stand upright, and can maintain that position for a little distance in walking, but the effort is ungainly and brief.

Yet this awkward gait is not their natural method of progress. Unlike the monkeys, they are meant to walk upright, but the trees are their natural floor. In the trees they walk erect, with the long arms and hands used as grasping supports or balancers.

We can climb trees indifferently, but we can leave them when we choose. That is what the ape cannot do. He is a creature of the forests, chained to the trees. We are free; and before us lies the whole world to explore and conquer. Such a thought may enable us to do justice to the handicapped chimps when we see them clumsily gambolling on the level, denied the aid of trees in which they are veritable kings of locomotion.

THE NESTING TOMTIT

Make a Home For Him

No prettier bird exists than the audacious tomtit, whose proper name is the blue-tit.

He goes about in shades of blue, white, green, black, and yellow. The head is particularly attractive, with its circular strip of white, accentuated by a black throat and chin. But colour is the least of his charms, for it is his courage and his intense activity that delight us, as he flits rapidly from twig to twig, finding manna in all sorts of places, as often as not hanging upside-down as he feeds. When we say he we really mean they, for male and female are alike in habit, and the only difference in colour is that the hen is a little less brilliant.

A bird-lover, Mr Beaufoy of Ipswich, has been taking notes of the nesting of blue-tits, and here is his diary for five years up to 1938:

Year	First Egg	Number	Young Fly
1933	April 16	11	May 31
1934	April 22	11	June 5
1935	April 25	10	June 5
1936	May 5	8	June 14
1937	May 2	11	June 13
1938	April 10	9	May 23

We see that the family is always large, ranging from eight to eleven: twelve is not uncommon. The young are lovely copies of their parents when they fly, just a little smaller and duller.

A Peep at a Miracle

And everyone should make sure of seeing this wonderful sight. We can buy at a bird shop, or at almost any store, a tit nesting-box for a few shillings, and by putting up a few about four or five feet high, on a fence or wall or tree, facing south-east, we are almost sure to be favoured by the home-making of a blue-tit, coal-tit, or marsh-tit. We can peep under the lid and see the miracle for ourselves.

The only sad thing about it is the fact that while so many tits are born many of them perish, leaving only a pair to succeed a pair. If this did not happen the sky would be black with tits!

Most great men love birds, and there is a story that while Bismarck waited in a garden for the result of a great diplomatic event he spent the time counting how many journeys were made by a pair of blue-tits feeding their young.

We had nearly forgotten to say that the call of the blue-tit is a metallic *tsee, tsee, tsee*, but he also has a love-song for his mate which goes *tsee-te-twee; tsee-te-twee*.

Is Godmanchester Losing Its Beauty?

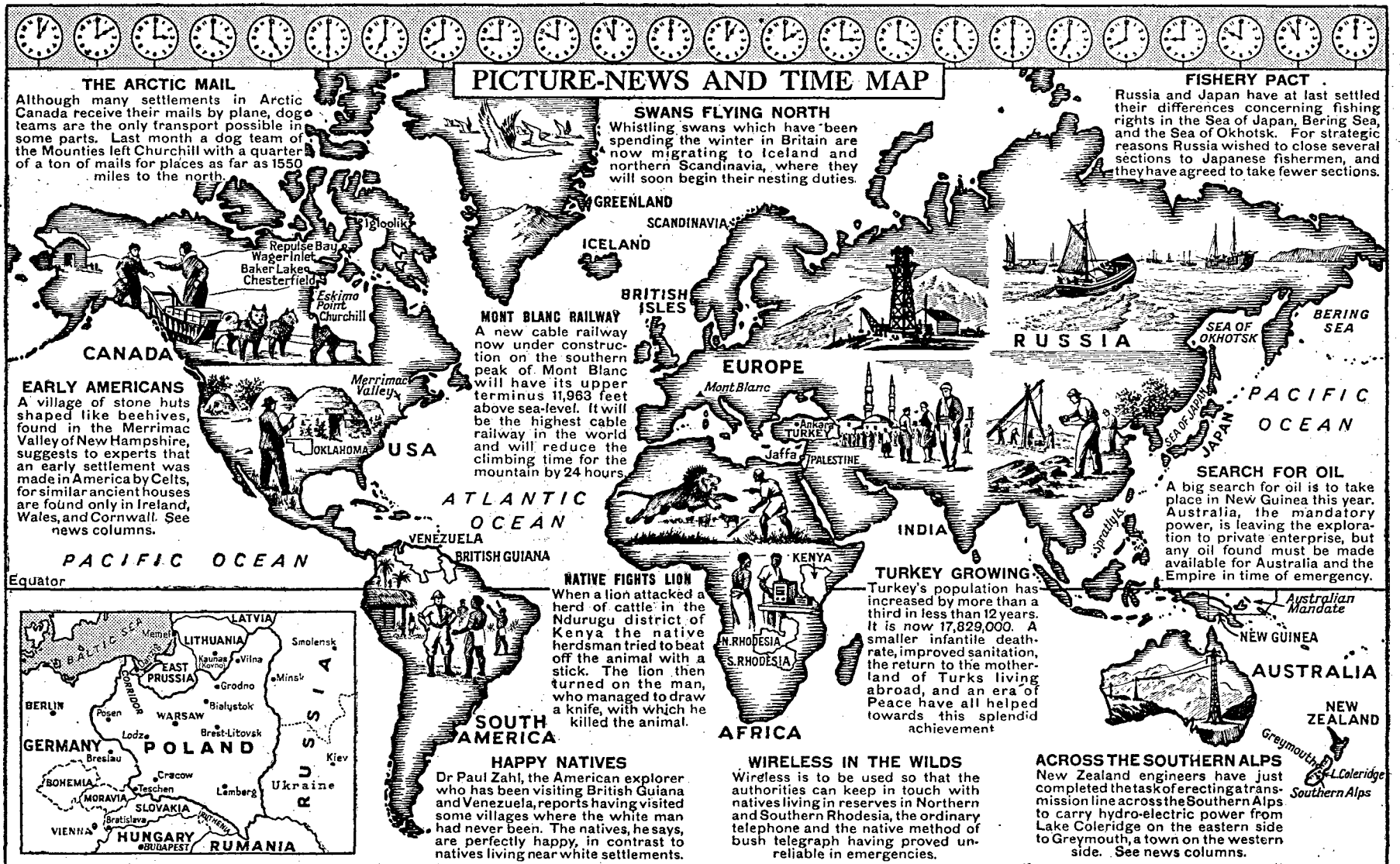
A travelling correspondent of the C N who has been looking at the lovely pictures of Godmanchester in Arthur Mee's new volume on Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire writes a sorrowful note to the Editor.

Godmanchester, he agrees, is all the book says of it, a serene little town of old-world loveliness, with streets so lovely that we walk in them with continual surprise at the scene of beauty that passes before us.

It is true, says our correspondent; and yet it is true that Godmanchester is dead to all the loveliness, for it allows advertisements to spoil its streets in a perfectly scandalous way. They are daubed on the old houses themselves and are at many corners where they ruin a delightful peep.

It is incredible that it should be so. We cannot believe that the rulers of this fine old town, so dear a corner of our green and pleasant land, should be willing to spoil its fair scene and its fair name by selling its birthright for a mess of pottage, or a pot of message.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



NATIONAL SPENDING LAST YEAR

A Total of 1055 Millions

The nation's spending has reached such huge figures that it is impossible to realise them. In the last financial year, which ended on March 31, the Treasury paid out £1055,000,000, nearly £3,000,000 for every day.

Of this £927,000,000 was found by taxes and £128,000,000 by borrowing from people who could afford to lend.

We are now in a new financial year, which began with April. No one knows what the Government will spend, for the estimates rise every day. Since the official estimates were made public fresh great expenditure has been undertaken by increasing the Army. A large part of the money will again be raised by loan.

Our forefathers were aghast when the national spending was, as we should call it, trifling. Thus, in the year 1789 the Treasury paid out:

	£
Army and Navy	4,677,000
Interest on Debt	9,276,000
Civil Service	900,000
Supplementaries	1,000,000
Militia	90,000

That was in all, with a few other items, £16,000,000, hardly enough for five days now.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of April 1914

The Flying House. Wise men were held up to ridicule when, ten years ago, they said the time would come when men would fly faster than birds.

Barely six years later flights of a thousand miles and more, flights at a speed of two miles a minute, flights at great heights, have become quite common; and now we have news of a giant aeroplane which has carried 17 people and a dog above the earth for 90 minutes.

Electricity Crosses the Southern Alps

LIKE the Alps of Switzerland, the southern Alps of New Zealand make an almost impassable barrier between the land on either side.

Now comes the news that engineers have once again conquered them. This time they have completed a line of steel framework towers, rising 70 to 80 feet over the mountain valleys and passes, to carry the 66,000-volt electric-power line from Lake Coleridge, on the eastern side, to the important coal-mining town of Greymouth, on the western side.

Seventy years ago the first road was built across these Alps. It followed the gorge of the Otira River and crossed the tall mountains by way of Arthur Pass. Twenty years ago the engineers conquered the mountains in another way by driving a railway tunnel under the pass. This is the longest tunnel in the British Empire and the southern hemisphere.

Once again the engineers have triumphed over the mountains by bringing electricity to the west coast of the

island. When we remember that the highest peak is over 12,000 feet we can realise something of the task that confronted them.

In the Otira Gorge the steel towers of the transmission line seem to have been placed on almost inaccessible rocks. The workmen had to carry light ropes as they scrambled up the crags. Then they hauled up heavier ones, by which their companions could reach the sites of the towers. Sometimes they were obliged to use explosives to blast out a place in the rock for the towers. Sections of the steelwork were hauled up from the roadway by the somewhat primitive means of block and tackle.

Throughout New Zealand's most famous mountain pass stretches this line of graceful steel towers. They do not in any way lessen the beauty of the mountains; rather do they provide a contrast between the puny works of man and the grand scale on which Nature works. See World Map

A Basketful of Oranges

YOU can hardly buy a good juicy orange in England for less than twopence, but in Palestine the natives come crowding round trying to sell you a basketful of beauties, a couple of dozen or more, for a shilling, basket and all! A good, strong basket too, native hand-work, attractively coloured.

The output of the Palestine groves has increased enormously during the last few years, and the acreage now under citrus fruits is four times greater than in 1932. A recent count of the orange and mandarin trees gave a total of nearly seven millions, and as many new groves are coming into production the output of these health-promoting fruits will go on increasing every year.

The United Kingdom leads the world in its import of citrus fruits, taking about the same quantity as Germany and France together. Of nine and a half million cases of oranges exported from Palestine in one season the United Kingdom took over six million cases.

The highest quality oranges come from Jaffa, where the groves extend for miles across the sandy plain from Gaza to Acre, and through the ancient Plain of Sharon. The fruit is of enormous size, bigger than anything seen in our shops and barrows.

Many of the oranges offered to tourists by wayside Arab vendors are four times the size of the fruit sold at twopence in England.

THE TENTH CHILD

A True Story From Germany

Who despises small things deserves no big ones, says a German proverb, aptly illustrated by an incident which recently occurred in a little town in Roman Catholic Germany.

In this town there lives a certain rich and kindly lady well known for her charitable gifts to the poor. For this reason she is often asked to be godmother to children of needy parents about to be confirmed. Not long ago she had ten such applications addressed to her, and consented in each case, merely stating that to her great regret she would be unable to give more than a Prayer Book to each godchild this year.

Upon this the mothers of nine of the children withdrew their request; but the tenth child declared herself quite satisfied with a Prayer Book. What was her astonishment when, on opening the book, she found between its leaves ten banknotes of a hundred marks each! In the ordinary course of affairs each child would have received one of these banknotes, but as it turned out the child who despised not any gift got them all.

Gold Nugget

Scores of adventurous folk are flocking inland to the Norseman goldfield in Western Australia, where a hundred-ounce gold nugget was found the other day. With gold at a little over £9 an ounce their find was worth nearly a thousand pounds.

The nugget measured 4½ inches by 6, and was an inch deep. Good indications of alluvial gold have been found near the spot, and the country round about has been extensively pegged by prospectors. Scores of cars are crawling along the rough bush tracks and over boulders and rocks to reach the place, and several newcomers have already found small nuggets.

TWO BRIGHT PLANETS TOGETHER

Approach of Jupiter and Mars

By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus and Jupiter may now be seen very close together in the eastern sky before sunrise. They will be at their nearest on Saturday morning, April 22, when they will appear to be only the width of the Moon apart, Venus being the lower and much the brighter.

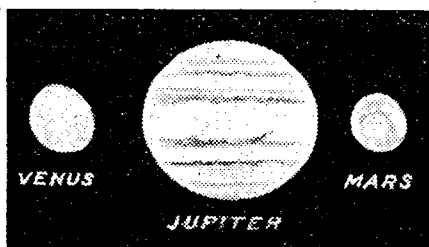
These two worlds will present for several days an interesting scene for all with an uninterrupted view down to the eastern horizon, as they gradually part company, Venus travelling away to the left and apparently leaving Jupiter behind. Though these planets are very bright, yet the rising dawn will greatly dim their lustre, and as they do not rise until about 50 minutes before the Sun, between 5 o'clock and 5.30 will be the best time to seek them, for the Sun rises at a few minutes to 6, Summer Time. They will be almost due east and not far above the horizon.

Venus Disappearing

We shall not see much more of Venus until she reappears as an evening star in December next. Now she is receding from the Earth, becoming less bright, and apparently getting nearer to the Sun. Actually Venus is travelling to that part of her orbit which lies about 67 million miles beyond the Sun. Venus will reach the farthest point of this on September 5, when she will be about 160,500,000 miles distant from us and of course invisible. At present Venus is about 118 million miles away.

Jupiter, on the other hand, is approaching us, and so will rise higher in the sky and become brighter until this golden planet rivals the red-tinted Mars for pre-eminence in the night skies of summer. Jupiter is now about 530 million miles away, but, when at his nearest next September, this will be reduced to 367 million miles. We see, therefore, that, though they appear so close together, Venus is actually much nearer to us than she is to Jupiter.

Mars is also approaching and is now about 70,000,000 miles away, so he is much the nearest world to us excepting, of course, the Moon. His rosy brilliance has by now considerably increased, so that Mars may now be readily recognised as the brightest object in the



The relative apparent sizes of Venus, Jupiter, and Mars at the present time as seen through a small telescope. Both Venus and Mars present gibbous discs as shown

south-eastern sky about two hours before sunrise. Mars is now about a magnitude brighter than Antares, the reddish first-magnitude star which may be seen some way to the right of Mars.

The apparent diameter of Mars is still very small, less than that of Venus as indicated in the picture, notwithstanding that Venus is so much farther away. It would be still less were they at the same distance from us, for, whereas the diameter of Venus is 7600 miles, that of Mars is only 4200 miles. But as he comes nearer Mars will increase to more than twice this apparent diameter. Actually it is the Earth that is approaching Mars and catching him up, as it were, in her orbit as she speeds along at a little over 18 miles a second. Mars is only doing some 15 miles a second, though, as he is approaching his perihelion (or nearest point to the Sun), which occurs in August next, he is speeding up a little.

G. F. M.

BEAUTY ON THE BYPASS

Our Roads Are Getting More Beautiful

It is good to see that many of our new roads are getting more and more beautiful.

A C.N. reader walking in Derbyshire came upon the new road the county council are making between Buxton and Bakewell, a bypass cutting off the village of Taddington. It will take four lanes of traffic. On the islands that run down the middle of the road for its whole length the builders have struck a new idea; all sorts of shrubs and trees have been planted, many of them most unusual. For example, there are roses, furze bushes, variegated holly, rhododendrons, azaleas, and dozens of other shrubs not generally found planted in such places. On each side is a grass border and a great variety of trees.

When it is finished travellers will in truth pass from a garden, through a garden, and into a garden, for the country before the new bypass is lovely, the bypass itself is a garden, and Taddington Dale, to which it leads, is perfectly delightful.

The Blind Man's Garden

London is full of surprises, and one of them is in Greenwich. It is a blind man's garden for the blind.

A blind gardener tends it, sowing seed, weeding flower-beds, and keeping this oasis fair and fragrant, though he has only the merest glimmer of sight in one eye, and is compelled to recognise his flowers by touch or smell. About 150 blind folk are regular visitors to this little paradise with its rustic seats, green lawns, and all the glory of the spring flowers now making a bright show.

The blind gardener would never have made so much loveliness and fragrance in this spot had not a blind man thought of it. He is Mr Gerald Hewitt, and he went blind in a minute.

It was in 1929 that he came over from New York to see Mr Cochran, the theatrical manager, and Mr Cochran was the last friend he ever saw. After his interview he went out from his office into the sunshine of Old Bond Street, crossed the road, and then turned into a tunnel of darkness. At one moment he could see the world about him: at the next he was blind.

It was two years before he recovered from the shock of his sudden affliction; but when he was able to take up life again he determined to enrich the lives of other blind people, and the Greenwich Garden for the Blind is one of the ways in which he is doing it.

Competition Result

In Competition Number 76 the two neatest and correct entries were sent in by Pattie Goodbun, 39 Brecon Road, Hammersmith, W 6; and Douglas A. Haldane, 530 Paisley Road West, Glasgow. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Pamela Arentsen, Chipping Norton; Mary S. Beveridge, Cowdenbeath; Vera Bowers, Holloway; John Brown, Glasgow; Edna Chellingsworth, Birmingham; Jeffery Coombes, Teddington; Richard Cooper, Wolverhampton; Christine E. Cossons, Ipswich; John Crowther, Coventry; Meryl M. Griffiths, New Barnet; Ada Haines, Birmingham; N. Hawkins, Bridport; Jean Hubbard, Wednesfield; Alice Kilvert, Sidcup; Barbara S. Lumb, Oldham; Rosemary MacLellan, Helensburgh; John Mills, Rochdale; Betty Oatham, Highgate; Jeane Passat, Surbiton; Arthur Pritchard, Peckham; Barbara Joan Rainnie, Theydon Bois; John Roberts, Cardiff; Daphne Terry, Plumstead; June Tobin, Teddington; Helen Tuke, Doncaster.

The prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and are awarded an extra 2s 6d.

The correct answers were:

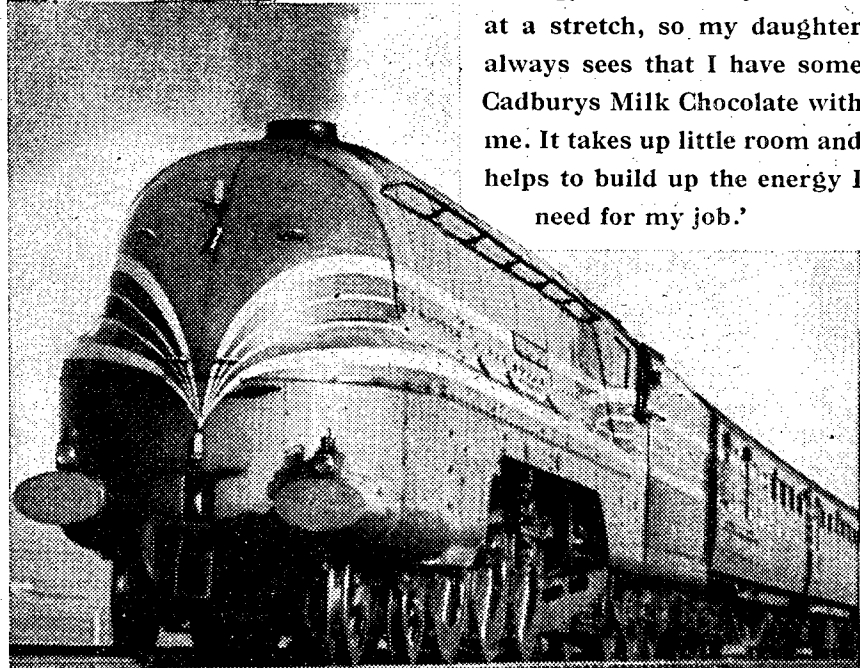
1 and 5 Playing leapfrog. 2 and 10 Riding pick-a-back. 3 and 6 Cleaning shoes. 4 and 7 Swinging. 8 and 12 Ballroom dancing. 9 and 11 Mother holding child.

IT'S A MAN-SIZE JOB ON THE FOOTPLATE AT 90 MILES AN HOUR



JOHN COPPERWHEAT, driver of L.M.S. crack train Coronation Scot LETS YOU INTO A SECRET

'Driving the Coronation Scot up to Carlisle at 90 miles an hour demands perfect nerves, judgment and energy. I'm on duty 6 hours at a stretch, so my daughter always sees that I have some Cadburys Milk Chocolate with me. It takes up little room and helps to build up the energy I need for my job.'



Here is the Coronation Scot climbing Shap Fell on its way north

Driver John Copperwheat finds —
THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE FEEDS YOU ON YOUR FEET—KEEPS YOU UP TO YOUR JOB.

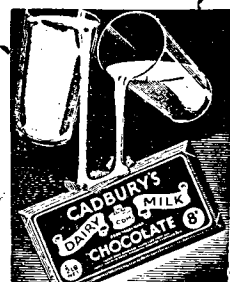
Flashing along on the footplate of a crack locomotive is not the job for everyone. But lots of less glamorous jobs need just as much concentration and energy. You too can take a tip from John Copperwheat and let Cadburys give you the same big hand up. Remember that Cadburys is more than some-

thing that's nice to eat — it's an ever-ready source of quick energy and good spirits. So keep some Cadburys handy, and the next time work seems too hard or pleasure not as nice as it should be, just bite into that Cadburys block and feel new life and energy flow through you.



And here's what Boy Scout **JIMMY EDWARDS** thinks about CADBURYS

'It's great fun being a scout. We go camping, play games; learn all sorts of useful things like jiu-jitsu and wrestling. Whenever I set out on an expedition mother always sees that I have a block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate with me. She says it's nourishing and very good for me but I like it so good!'



CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE
... feeds you on your feet

THE PRIZE

Short Story by
Arthur Nettleton

CHAPTER 1

Bad News

JOHANN HANSEN shifted himself uneasily on his couch and tried to get on his feet. The attempt brought an involuntary wince of pain, as he turned to the doctor.

Johann was a strapping boy of 14, and he looked longingly out of the cottage window towards the snowclad slopes of the Swiss mountains. The sound of sleigh bells, as a party of winter sports visitors drove past, was almost too much for him.

"It's no use, young fellow," the doctor warned. "That ski-ing spill has twisted your ankle more than you'll admit. I won't answer for the consequences if you ignore my advice."

"But I can't stay indoors a whole fortnight!"

"You can, and you will! At least, you mustn't put any weight on that foot. You must rest it completely. Good-morning—and cheer up!"

Cheer up, indeed! Johann groaned as he lay back again, but it was a groan of dismay and not of pain.

Little did Doctor Grenfau realise the sentence his words had imposed. Johann picked up a printed handbill and read its announcement again. Every year in the Interlaken area a prize of 500 francs was offered for the best specimen of edelweiss brought from the mountains, and this year's contest was to be held on the morrow, in the village hall.

Five hundred francs! How Johann had set his heart on earning it. Throughout the long winter evenings he had been making his plans. It would mean that when he left school he could become apprenticed to a Swiss trade. Perhaps, eventually, he might become an overseer in a watch factory.

And the prize (he felt) was virtually his! For Johann had a secret. Climbing the slopes of the Jungfrau a month ago he had stumbled upon the most perfect edelweiss plant he had ever seen. It was growing in a sheltered crevice, at a spot rarely seen by the crowds of ski-ers who thronged the village at this season.

He had carefully noted the position, and had paid several secret visits to see that the flower was coming along favourably. It was during one of these visits that the mishap had occurred.

A false step, a slip, and he had limped back to the village with his ankle badly sprained. Then—the doctor, and this ultimatum that precluded any attempt to fetch the flower in time for the contest.

Johann was jerked out of his reverie by a familiar tap at the door. "Come in, Frans," he called.

The boy who obeyed the summons was more slightly built than Johann, but was about the same age. Frans and Johann had been chums for years—chums in everything but the Edelweiss Competition, when they were unashamed rivals.

Frans knew nothing of Johann's secret. "But then," thought Johann, "Frans probably has a secret of his own, though it can't be anything like as thrilling as mine."

"So the doctor won't let you walk?" said Frans. "That's too bad! I'd have loved beating you to the Edelweiss Prize."

Johann laughed. "Beating me! And where would you get your flower?"

Frans averted his eyes for a second and tried to assume a nonchalant air.

"If I told you that—" he began. There was a strange tone in his voice that made Johann look at him piercingly. What was wrong with Frans? Sudden suspicions surged into Johann's mind. For the first time he realised that Frans had been keeping something back during these last few weeks.

"There's something you haven't told me, Frans. You're not bluffing, are you? Tell me the truth. Have you really discovered a good specimen?"

CHAPTER 2

Anxious Hours

FRANS did not speak, but shook his head. Then: "I meant to keep it from you, and make you believe I'd got a good chance of winning the prize. I thought if I did that you'd put up a better effort. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I understand your point. But—hey! What's the matter?"

A single tear had trickled down Frans's cheek, though he had tried valiantly to keep it back.

"It's rather a hard story to tell. You see, though at first I wanted you to win the prize, things are different now."

"Different? How?"

"We'll need 500 francs at home rather badly these next few months, I guess. That is, unless I get a job. I'll have to leave school at the end of this term."

"Leave school, Frans! But I thought you were all fixed for at least another two years!"

Frans nodded gravely. "So did I, until a week ago. Then Dad's health suddenly cracked up. He'll never work again. So now you'll realise how much 500 francs would mean to us. I've already tried hard to get a job. I've even asked Gustaf, the head mountaineer, to let me join his team of guides!"

"Well, won't he take you on?"

"Not a chance, he says. Visitors wouldn't employ a youngster like me!" Frans raised his voice in anger. "When I told him that you and I have ski-ed on slopes worse than any used by visitors he refused to believe me."

"He did, did he?"

"Yes, and he even mentioned your accident as an instance of what happens when we 'youngsters' venture outside the village!"

Johann felt like jumping to his feet. "If only I could walk I'd go to Gustaf and make him eat his words!"

"Well, you can't—not yet, anyway, Johann."

"But there's something I can do, Frans, all the same. You want to win that 500 francs, and if you do as I tell you you'll stand a good chance of winning it. I know where there's a perfect flower. You must get it, and enter it in the competition under your own name. There's nothing in the rules against your doing that—provided you fetch the flower yourself."

At first Frans wouldn't hear of it. It took Johann a long time to get his chum's agreement. But presently Frans gave his assent.

"After all," Johann argued, "I can't go myself, and we're chums."

He also pointed out that it was his (Johann's) accident that had given Gustaf his biggest excuse for refusing to employ Frans as a guide.

That argument clinched matters. It was arranged that Frans should go up the mountain that afternoon.

Johann, watching from his couch near the window, saw his chum climbing the

lower slopes shortly after one o'clock. Frans had his skis strapped to his back, and had an alpenstock grasped in his right hand. He had become a tiny, distant figure before Johann turned away from the window and took up a book.

Johann reckoned that it would be at least two hours before Frans reached the spot where the flower was growing, and that he would get back just before nightfall.

But suppose the spot where the flower was growing was hard to find? They had not really considered that possibility. Frans might be caught up there on the mountains by darkness.

"Still," mused Johann, "he's too expert a mountaineer to run into serious trouble."

"Light the lamp, Johann. You can't see to read at this time of day without a light."

His mother's voice made Johann start. He had been so deep in thought that he had failed to notice how dark the room had become. He looked at the clock, and let out a little cry. Frans had been gone only two hours! It oughtn't to be as dark as this.

His face, after he had looked out of the window again, showed some alarm. The sky had become heavy. It was slate-grey against the whiteness of the mountain peaks. The air was still, but foreboding. Johann knew what that meant: a blizzard was brewing on the heights.

It started ten minutes later, with big snowflakes that came twirling past the cottage window and blotted out the view.

And there was no sign of Frans. In less than an hour the village street had six inches of snow. Johann found this out when he hobbled to the door and peeped out into the swirling flakes. He was closing the door again when a clanging noise came to his ears.

"The alarm bell, Mother!" he cried. "There's something wrong on the mountain!"

Thickly-clad men were emerging from their homes and were struggling down the street. He shouted a question to one of them.

"Gustaf is up there with some novice ski-ers," came the reply. "We're getting up a search party."

The informant pressed on again, leaving Johann little less perturbed than before. For a moment he had believed that the alarm might have something to do with Frans. Even though it hadn't the news was bad enough. It revealed that conditions on the mountain were very bad. But for his injured ankle Johann would have joined the search party, whether they

wanted the assistance of "a mere youngster" or not.

All he could do was wait.

From the window he saw little lights twinkling through the blizzard—the lamps carried by the searchers—but these quickly passed out of sight.

Though the next hour was a nightmare the lights became visible again sooner than Johann expected. He was still at the window when the search party toiled back through the village with the visitors they had rescued.

"Where is Frans?" he cried. "He went up the mountain before you, and—"

Breaking off short, he gave a great shout of relief. Frans was there all right, bringing up the rear.

CHAPTER 3

Surprises

"ARE you all right?" Johann asked. "I thought—"

"What! You thought an expert climber like myself needed the help of the search party!" exploded Frans in mock protest, as he entered the cottage and shook the snow from his coat. "I'm surprised at you. Look, here's the edelweiss."

When Frans took the flower from under his coat Johann smiled his gratification. It really was a wonderful specimen. Its white petals seemed so delicate that it was difficult to understand how they had withstood the fury of many a mountain blizzard. It looked pathetically small and fragile, yet there was no doubt about its quality.

"You're sure to win the prize with it, Frans," Johann stated. "You must enter it at once, or it will be too late for the contest tomorrow."

"And you're coming to the affair too. Though you can't walk, there's no reason why I shouldn't take you to the hall on a sled."

It was all fixed up before Frans went home. Only then did a little feeling of disappointment creep into Johann's thoughts. He remembered again his own ambitions, and how he himself had hoped to win those 500 francs.

The village hall was crowded when the two chums arrived the following afternoon. Kindly folk made way for Johann to reach a seat near the judges' table. Thirty edelweiss flowers had been entered for the contest. They included some good specimens, but to Johann none looked as perfect as the one entered by Frans.

"What did I tell you?" whispered Johann excitedly, as the judges paused before his chum's entry.

There followed a discussion between the judges. The chairman stepped forward to make his announcement. In a hushed atmosphere his words came clear and definite.

"The Edelweiss Prize of 500 francs is this year awarded to—Johann Hansen."

For a moment Johann was too amazed to speak. He shot a questioning glance at Frans. Frans was smiling.

"But I didn't—" Johann began.

The chairman smiled too. "We know you didn't bring the flower down from the mountain, Johann. Frans did that for you, because you couldn't go yourself. But you discovered the plant, and that's the important thing."

"But that wasn't our arrangement," protested Johann. His mind was in a whirl and he couldn't quite understand things. "Frans needs the prize money more than I do. That was why he went after the flower."

He took the 500 francs and tried to pass them over to Frans. Frans thrust them back into his hand.

"I don't need the money any longer, Johann. You remember what I told you—that I needed it because I couldn't get a job? Well, thanks to you and your flower, I'm going to be a mountain guide after all. I'm joining a first-class team—Gustaf's."

"G-Gustaf's?" stammered Johann, unable to believe his ears.

There was a slight commotion in the hall, as Gustaf himself came forward. "Yes, Johann, your friend Frans proved his ability yesterday."

Johann blinked. "I still don't understand. What happened yesterday?"

"A tragedy, nearly. But Frans averted it. It was he who led the novice climbers back to safety when the blizzard caught them. We'll all give three cheers for you, as the prize winner, Johann. Then I think we will give three more for Frans, the hero of the hour."

Johann shook his head.

"If you don't mind, I think all the cheers should be for Frans," he replied. "Let's raise the roof!"

JACKO FEELS CURIOUS

MOTHER JACKO was hunting in vain for her gloves.

"I must have left them at Miss Ape's last night," she said at last. "Run round, Jacko, and see."

Jacko had no objection, and went off whistling.

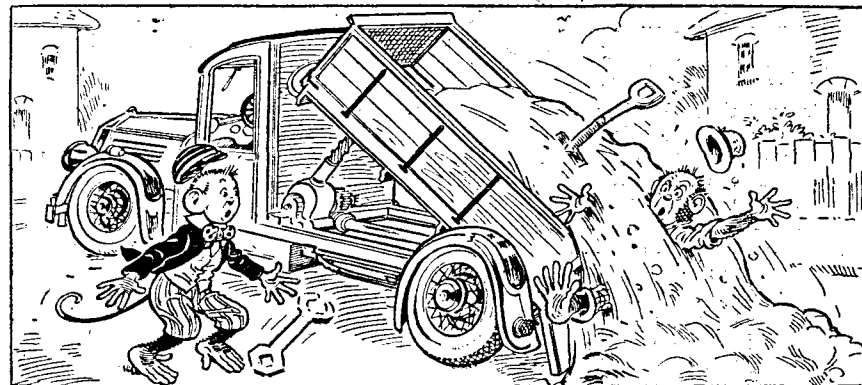
He had only just turned the corner of the lane when he heard a loud report,

"Now I want a spanner," said the man, looking round.

"I'll fetch it," offered Jacko. "Where shall I find one?"

"In the cab," he was told, and off he went.

As he climbed up into the cab, and picked up the spanner, he noticed a big lever near the steering gear.



To his horror the sand came rushing out

and, running back, he saw a big tip-up lorry full of sand leaning to one side of the kerb.

As he got nearer Jacko saw it was a puncture, and, while he watched, the unfortunate driver tried to jack up the heavy wheel.

"Want any help?" asked Jacko.

"Could do with it," answered the man, and between them they managed to get the wheel off.

"Wonder what that's for?" he murmured.

He reached out and pulled it.

To his horror the back of the lorry began to tip up, then suddenly, with a roar, the sand came rushing out. It caught the man and nearly smothered him.

Jacko sprang down—and scooted up the road as if his life depended on it. If the man could have got free in time perhaps it would!

Your Child's Life— Beyond the Price of Pennies



There is danger in "saving" on Home Remedies— Ask Your Doctor

One point on which all doctors, nurses and child welfare experts agree is—Never give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first.

All mothers know this, but not all practise it. Often the instinct to save a few pennies by buying "something just as good" overcomes their caution.

So when your little one has an upset stomach, is sick and bilious, get 'Milk of Magnesia.' Then you can rest assured that you have the safest and best antacid that money can buy.

Prescribed by doctors and used by nurses, 'Milk of Magnesia' is the ideal preparation for a child. It sweetens a sour stomach in a few minutes. It cools the blood and gently regulates the bowels as nothing else can.

Many mothers find 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets handy. Their pleasant mint flavour appeals very strongly to children, who take them eagerly.

Obtainable everywhere.

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Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-,
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The two hundred magnificent coloured plates are from drawings of well-known bird artists. They are most carefully reproduced, and are recognised to be among the best of their kind. They give the bird in its natural surroundings, and make it form part of works of artistic value without sacrificing the utility of the picture as a means of identification. Twenty of these coloured plates depict birds' eggs, giving their exact colour, shape, markings and measurements.

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(Price for Cash on the fifth day, 27/6.)

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Ch.N. 8. PLEASE FILL IN ALL PARTICULARS ASKED

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REALLY ARE SARDINES!

Have high nutritive value—appetising and nourishing.

FRIENDS OF THE CN

The CN in its present form is 20 years old this year. Will you do it a good turn?

If it is to hold its own in an age of ever-pressing excitements (football pools, films, wireless) a paper unsustained by rich advertisement revenue must have a constant accession of new readers.

If every CN reader would win for it one more, or would give an extra copy away each week, it would widen its range of readers and give it

a new lease of success and influence for 20 years more.

Is your faith in the CN worth 2d more? Will you fill in this form for some child, some institution, some old folk who would like a cheerful paper once a week?

Please deliver the Children's Newspaper each week to

and debit my account

Will you give this to your newsagent in celebration of the CN's 20th birthday?

It would be something done for Peace and Goodwill, and would strengthen the CN on its way to its 21st birthday in an age with hardly time to listen to

the Still Small Voice

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

Is Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

"Eight Pounds a Day
Just Pays Our Way"
—BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS
IS HARD TO FIND!

PLEASE SEND A GIFT
NOW TO The Secretary, The Little
Folks Home Fund, The
Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney
Road, E.2

HOLIDAYS AHEAD!

When your own holidays are under consideration, please remember our 16,000 very poor children for whom we plan a day in the country or by the sea. The cost is 2/- for each child.

R.S.V.P. to the REV. PERCY INESON, Superintendent,
EAST END MISSION
Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 22, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Arithmetical Problem

THE manager of a bank gave instructions for a thousand £1 notes to be divided up into ten sealed packages so that any sum from £1 to £1000 could be paid without opening any one of the packages.

How was this done?

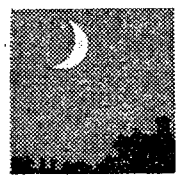
Answer next week

What Happened on Your Birthday

April 23. Ethelred the Un-ready died . . . 1016
24. Anthony Trollope born . . . 1815
25. Sir Marc Isambard Brunel born . . . 1769
26. David Hume born . . . 1711
27. Emerson died . . . 1882
28. Mutiny of the Bounty . . . 1789
29. Michael De Ruyter died . . . 1676

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Uranus is in the south-west and Neptune is in the south-east.



In the morning Venus and Jupiter are in the east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 9.30 pm on April 23.

The Way Out

THE Chief of the Slowtown police addressed his men, both of them.

"So you let the fugitive get away, in spite of the fact that I told you to guard the exits?"

"And so we did, sir," replied one of the policemen. "He must have got out by one of the entrances."

Sheep and Arithmetic

SEVEN sheep were standing by the pasture wall. "Tell me," said the teacher to her scholars small, "One poor sheep was frightened, jumped, and ran away. One from seven—how many Woolly sheep would stay?"

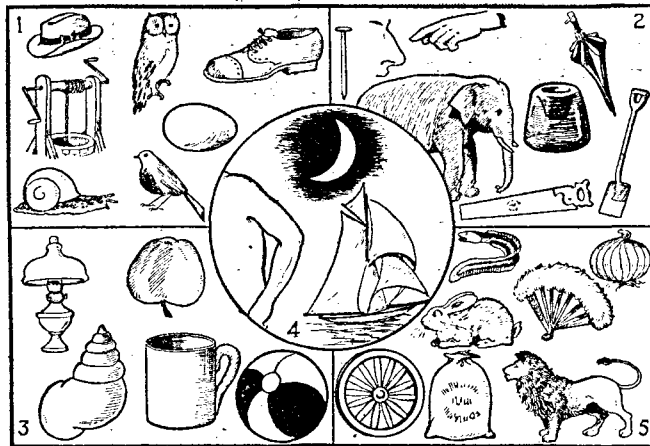
Up went Kitty's fingers—A farmer's daughter she, Not so bright at figures As she ought to be. "Please, ma'am!" "Well, then, Kitty, Tell us, if you know." "Please, if one jumped over, All the rest would go."

Is This Your County?



FEW of us know what a map of our county looks like. Do you know this one? Answer next week

A Spring Picture Puzzle



THE initial letters of the names of the objects in each group will, when rearranged, form the name of something appropriate to the season of Spring. Can you find the five words? Answer next week

This Week in Nature

THE churring of the mole cricket is heard. This is one of our biggest insects and its name is most appropriate, for it bears a resemblance to the mole and has similar habits. The insect burrows much in the same way as the animal does, and attacks the roots of flower or vegetable, doing a great deal of harm.

Animal or Vegetable?

OF what men can it be said that they belong not to the animal but to the vegetable kingdom? Those whose experience has made them sage.

House-Hunting



THIS really is a jolly hutch. How comfy we can make it! And if the rent is not too much I really think we'll take it!

Stones For the Rock Garden

A CHEAP imitation stone for the rock garden can be made with coke and cement. Place some cement in a tub and add water until a creamy consistency is secured. Then immerse some big lumps of coke in the cement solution

and allow them to remain for a few minutes until they are well coated. When the cement has set place the lumps of coke in water for a few days or leave them where they will be exposed to rain. The imitation stones thus made will be found quite good for the rock garden.

Ici on Parle Français



Le diable trolley La valise suitcase La voiture car
Cette valise était trop lourde pour que je pusse la porter. Un porteur l'a placée sur un diable et l'a roulée jusqu'à la voiture.

This suitcase was too heavy for me to carry. A porter put it on a trolley and wheeled it to the car.

Inside and Outside

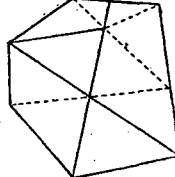
WHAT is that which is inside the wood and outside the wood at the same time? The bark of a tree: it is outside the wood of a tree, but inside the wood or forest.

Wet Weather

THERE was an old skipper of Skye Whose eyes hardly ever were dry; At each change of weather He'd shake like a feather, Then sit down and have a good cry.

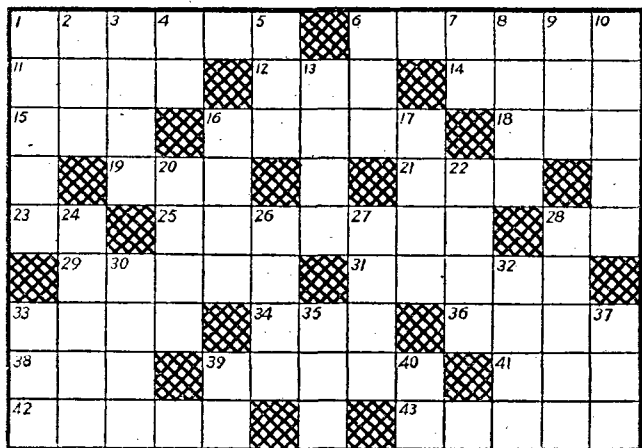
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Flowers. Carnation and Hollyhock. Foxglove and Daffodil. Lobelia and Clarkia. Dahlia and Crocus.



Sum. 39 + 56 - 48 + 70 - 21 = 96

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. Respect. 6. To swallow up. 11. A minute portion. 12. Part of circumference of circle. 14. A wooden wind instrument. 15. A cereal. 16. Nation. 18. Serpent-like fish. 19. To perceive. 21. Free from water. 23. Year. 25. The land tortoise. 28. Compass point. 29. To eat away. 31. Fluid used in vaccination. 33. A wagon, and also a constellation. 34. Hurried. 36. A small collection of water in a hollow place. 38. A very familiar tree. 39. Pertaining to punishment. 41. Before. 42. To remove faults from. 43. Bears the time and day of some happening.

Reading Down. 1. In good time. 2. A pig's pen. 3. Ten of these help you to walk. 4. Printer's measure. 5. To grow thick together. 6. To perform. 7. In this manner. 8. To submit to commands. 9. Female of the hart. 10. Under. 13. A float of logs or planks fastened together. 16. One of the fruits of a plant. 17. A whirlpool. 20. Famous public school. 22. To play boisterously. 24. A kingdom. 26. Dry. 27. A bone of the forearm. 28. Beach. 30. Hoar frost. 32. A maker of verse. 33. Tiny. 35. Industrious insect. 37. Conducted. 39. Paid. 40. Lord.

Five-Minute Story

The Party

SALLY was nearly seven: the next day was her birthday. "Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I do like parties, and I wish I was going to have one tomorrow."

Sally and her brother Peter had just come to live in a very quiet part of the country, and there were no other children near them. They had always lived in a town before, and Sally was thinking about the party she had when she was six. There had been plenty of children then to share the fun.

Suddenly Peter had an idea. "You can have a party!" he cried. "And there will be lots of guests." But he would not tell her who they were. "Come to the corner of the field by the big wood at four o'clock, and you will see."

Next afternoon, feeling rather excited, she set off for Peter's party, but when she reached the corner of the field she could see no guests at all. There was a lovely picnic tea spread out, and Sally couldn't help thinking it looked rather odd. For, besides the cakes and biscuits and sandwiches, there were saucers filled with queer things like nuts and grain and little bits of fruit, and, on one plate, some lettuce leaves!

Sally felt very disappointed that after all there was no one else at her birthday party, but she sat down by the picnic tea and tried to look as pleased as she could.

Peter saw her still looking all round her.

"Oh, the guests will be coming in a minute!" he laughed. "We just have to keep rather quiet in case they feel shy. Look! Here comes the first one. Good-afternoon, Johnny Crow!"

And Peter threw some bread and butter to a cheeky black crow who had flown down from a tree and was looking at them with his head on one side.

Then all sorts of funny guests began to arrive. Down from the trees flew thrushes and blackbirds and tits, picking up the crumbs and grain that Sally and Peter threw to them. Then came a little squirrel. He was rather shy at first, but they gave him a nut, and he sat up, holding it in his paws, and watching them with his bright eyes as he nibbled it. Some little rabbits joined the party too, and had soon eaten up all the lettuce leaves.

Sally was never able to count how many guests came to the party, for they were coming and going all the time, but she did know that it was the nicest birthday party she ever had.

GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this, and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth enamel. The new type of toothpaste, called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from the time you begin to use this on your teeth they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly. Your friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia' causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the duldest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

But that is not the main reason the dental profession is urging the use of this dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached."

Don't be misled by toothpastes just claiming to contain magnesia, it is 'Milk of Magnesia' that removes the stains and actually whitens the worst discoloured teeth. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Obtainable everywhere at 6d., 10d., 1/6 a tube.

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